

THE CRITIC

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Twenty-five years ago—January, 1881—THE CRITIC was born. It was not much to look at at first, but it was received most kindly, for the public realized that it was like the famous singed cat—better than it looked. The typography was poor, the size insignificant, the illustrations wretchedly printed; but it had a fine list of contributors—an essay by E. C. Stedman, and essays and poems by Emma Lazarus, Charles de Kay, Sidney Howard Gay. Not only these, but it promised essays and poems by Walt Whitman, folk-lore stories by "Uncle Remus," and many other attractive things. And they all came—and THE CRITIC grew and flourished, so that it is to-day what it aimed to be at the start—the leading literary magazine in America. This verdict it owes to its readers—they never hesitate to say this of it—and the Editor is proud of their compliments and of their confidence.

The Lounger

THE CRITIC has been most fortunate in getting an exclusive portrait of Mrs. Wharton. Many publications have appealed to the author of "The House of Mirth" to grant their artists permission to make a sketch of her, all of which propositions she has politely but firmly declined except that of THE CRITIC. Mrs. Kate Rogers Nowell went up to Lenox and spent several days there making sketches of Mrs. Wharton in her own home. The portrait is most successful and no one is better pleased with it than Mrs. Wharton herself.

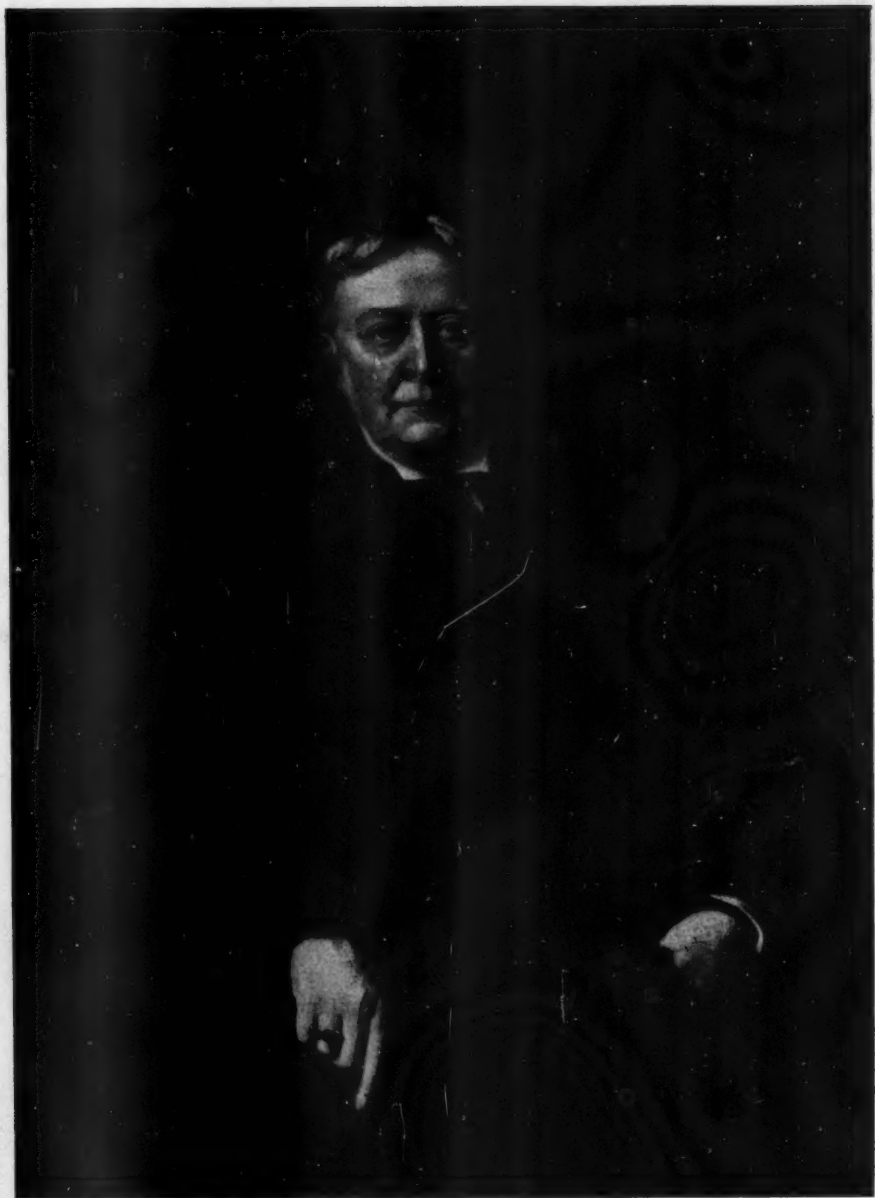
Mrs. Wharton has not come to town yet, and will not till late in the month. In the meantime Messrs. Scribners' presses have been kept running steadily since the 15th of September on her now

famous story. At the present time "The House of Mirth" is well on towards its two hundredth thousand. Here is an instance of a book which both as fiction and as literature is well worth all the honors that have been heaped upon it. The average reader and the discerning critic alike have been carried away by Mrs. Wharton's powerful portrayals of character.

In the Editor's Clearing House will be found a contribution with "The House of Mirth" for its subject. It is a burst of wild enthusiasm over the book, but it voices the opinion of hosts of its readers in America and England. The writer of it can see nothing to criticise in the story,—she loves every word of it,—and she is to be envied her emotions.

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ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., POST OFFICE AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.



HON. JOSEPH H. CHOATE

From the painting by Herman G. Herkomer. Mr. Choate's address on Franklin will be found on page 51.

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There is some talk of the dramatization of "The House of Mirth." If the dramatization is made it will doubtless be done by Mrs. Wharton herself, or certainly under her supervision, but I cannot see a play in the story. It is better as it was written. A play must have both light and shade. The story of Lily Bart is all shade.

28
Captain Harry Graham, whose portrait from a recent photograph is here

Ballads," there is no telling when their clever author may strike as humorous and as popular a note as the elder verse writer. Captain Graham, it will be remembered, is engaged to be married to that charming young actress Miss Ethel Barrymore.

29
John Bartlett is dead. To many people this name means nothing, but when you add that it is that of the compiler of "Familiar Quotations"



CAPTAIN HARRY GRAHAM
Author of "Misrepresentative Men"

reproduced, has succeeded to the mantle, or at least a portion of the mantle, of W. S. Gilbert. While his humorous verses, "Misrepresentative Men," have not attained the popularity of the "Bab

thousands and hundreds of thousands will recall it with delight. "Familiar Quotations" was first issued in 1855—a small volume of two hundred pages. Since then it has gone through nine

editions and has reached the dignified proportions of 1200 pages. No better book of its kind was ever made, and it has been indispensable to writers and readers alike. Mr. Bartlett was eighty-five years old at the time of his death. He was connected with the publishing firm of Little, Brown, & Company, of Boston, and lived in Cambridge, where he died. For the last few years he has not been very actively engaged in business. If his death is regretted by every reader of "Familiar Quotations" he will need no other monument.



From *The Sphere*

THE LAYE LADY FLORENCE DIXIE

Lady Florence Dixie, whose death occurred at her home in England during the early part of December, was well known in this country. She was the youngest daughter of the seventh Marquis of Queensberry, and was born in 1857. She was a poet, novelist, sportswoman, explorer, and woman suffragist. Although a devoted sportswoman, she was as violently opposed to shooting for amusement as is President Roosevelt; and in a book called "Rambles in Hell" she mercilessly

scored those who killed for sport. A short time before her death, Lady Florence had made arrangements for the publication of a new book called "Izra," which will be published before long in New York and London.

21

Mrs. Craigie in her recent lecture before the students of Barnard College took Dante and Botticelli for her subject. She argued against the strenuous life of the day because those who live it do not take time to cultivate an appreciation for literature and the arts. To prove that one might be strenuous and at the same time cultivated she pointed to the subjects of her address—one a poet, the other a painter, both of whom were men of affairs, interested in the commercial and political doings of their day. In this twentieth century we scoff at philosophers, but Mrs. Craigie thinks perhaps we would not do so if we realized that Plato had made a success in the oil trade. He was not, so far as she knows, a member of a trust,—certainly not of *the* trust,—but notwithstanding that he did a flourishing business he found time to philosophize.

22

Mrs. Craigie not only denounced the strenuous life but she scoffed at the idea of the simple life being a strong factor in the development of culture. To lead the simple life, she said, "one must be very healthy and wealthy, for the poor could not afford it and it would kill the delicate." Mrs. Craigie was introduced to her audience by the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, who said that it was from reading her play "The Ambassador" that he learned many of the duties of his office.

23

Mrs. John W. Elliot has made an unusually attractive calendar which is published by the Massachusetts Audubon Society, 234 Berkeley Street, Boston. It was printed in Japan, Mr. Matzaki of Boston attending to the printing, which gives it an added artistic interest. All moneys received from the sale of this calendar will be

devoted to carrying on the good work of the Audubon Society. Instead of the usual garish pictures that go with the average calendar, the prints accompanying this one are exquisite reproductions of Japanese color work, the subjects naturally being birds.

moiselle Blanche," a curious realistic study of the career of a circus-acrobat; and of "A Daughter of Thespis," pronounced by Mr. W. D. Howells the best novel of stage-life ever written. Mr. Barry was for several years dramatic critic of *Harper's Weekly* and of



Photo by Parkinson, Boston

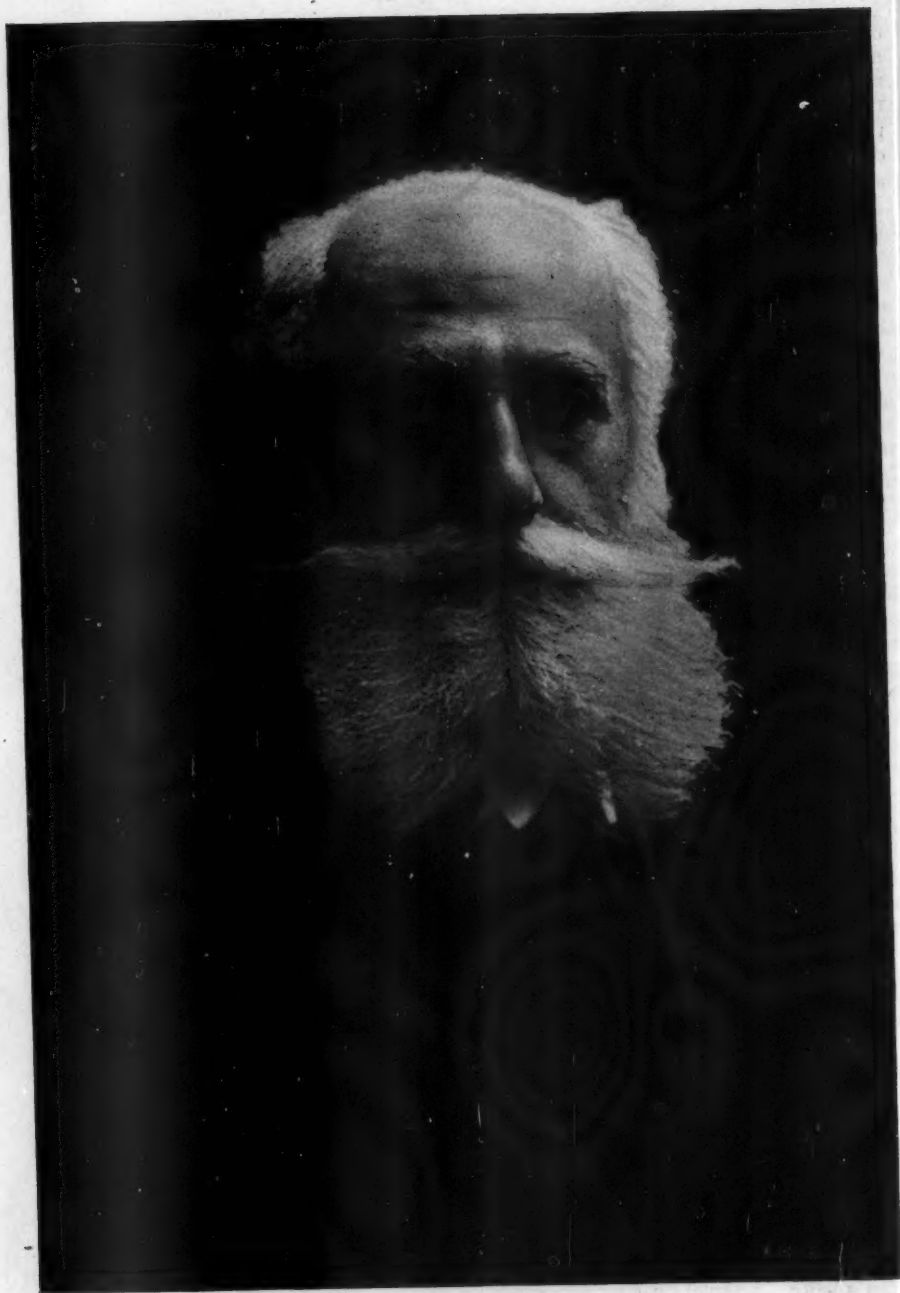
MR. JOHN D. BARRY
Author of "Our Best Society"

The secret of the authorship of "Our Best Society," the novel of life among New York millionaires, which was the principal CRITIC serial of 1905, is out. The book is by Mr. John D. Barry, known as the author of "The Congressman's Wife," a novel dealing with graft in national politics which, several years ago, won the first prize in the *Smart Set* competition for novels; of "Made-

Collier's and he is now devoting himself wholly to the writing of fiction. His name is to appear on the third edition of "Our Best Society," which is now in press.



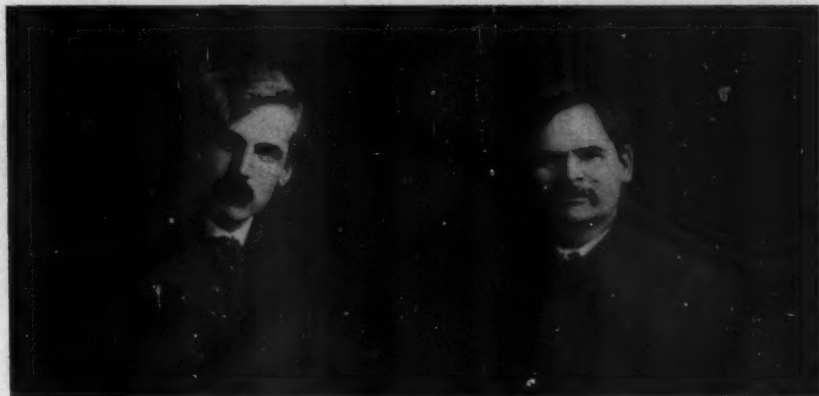
Mr. George Bernard Shaw's attacks upon the dead actor, Sir Henry Irving, have not added to his popularity in



DR. MAX NORDAU

England. Mr. Shaw might have waited till Irving was fairly cold in his grave before he let fly the poisoned arrows of his curious mind. In his much-dis-

acting as private secretary to Irving, may have helped the busy and absorbed actor in putting his material into shape; but that he was responsible for its ideas



MR. NORMAN DUNCAN AND MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL

cussed letter to *Die Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, Mr. Shaw says among other things:

His learning and knowledge in matters of art and literature were imaginary. He took care to have a following of authors, with Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate, at their head, and the journalists who helped him to write his lectures and speeches, behind, but he had no literary taste, and not the very slightest relations with the intellectual life of his time.

Even if this were true it would be very poor taste on the part of Mr. Shaw to make the statement when he did; but being untrue it is in something worse than bad taste. I know from my own conversations with Irving that he was a lover of literature, and of good literature; and that he read more than one would think that a man who led his busy life could read. As to his speeches and lectures being written by others, I doubt it; though the late L. F. Austin told me one day while he was sitting in this office that he wrote the lecture on "Acting" that Irving delivered at Saunders Theatre, Cambridge, before the undergraduates of Harvard University. Mr. Austin, who was then

or their expression I did not believe at the time nor do I believe it now.

Dr. Max Nordau has written a book of fairy tales which have been translated into English by Miss Mary J. Safford, and published at Christmas for the delectation of children of all ages. It has twenty-five illustrations by Miss Florence Safford, a niece of the translator. Both the older and the younger Miss Safford had every opportunity of discussing their work with Nordau in Paris, while a collaborator not to be forgotten was the author's little daughter Maxa. Each tale as it was finished was read aloud to her for final approval, and what Maxa liked stayed in, and what Maxa did n't like had to come out. Fairy tales by the caustic author of "Degeneration" seem rather incongruous. As yet (I think) the only thing of the kind to appear in English has been the pretty fantasy about the little girl and the big ship in a recent number of the *Cosmopolitan*.

Good wine needs no bush, but no doubt it sells more readily when well advertised. In the publishers' an-

nouncement of Mr. Wilfred Campbell's "Collected Poems," just issued we find the author's work praised not only by the publishers themselves, but in quotations from Mr. Stedman, Mr. Howells, and "a distinguished English critic" (name not given), as well as by a number of periodicals, including *the Nation*. But what has attracted the attention of the public to the book is the fact that Mr. Carnegie—whose reputation cannot be said to rest upon his work in literary criticism—has found it good, and has bought an edition of five hundred copies for his globe-encircling chain of libraries. This will mean much to the author and his publishers; but it is important to remember that, while it is not a guarantee of merit, it is equally remote from proving any lack of quality in the poems themselves. If Mr. Robinson's poetry is not as fine as one might fancy from President Roosevelt's commendation of it, it is certainly none the worse for his having praised it. Mr. Campbell's companion in the photograph printed herewith, though an American by residence, was born in Canada, and, like the poet, was educated at the University of Toronto.

The most interesting event in the periodical world is that of the absorption of the *Country Calendar* by *Country Life in America*. The first number of the *Country Calendar* was printed in May last, since which time it had reached a paid-up subscription of thirty thousand copies—an unusually good showing for a new magazine, but, of course, nowhere near a paying circulation for a periodical so expensive to produce. The reason given for the absorption is that it seemed better to have one big comprehensive magazine, one that would give the public all it wanted of country life, rather than to divide the field between two. But I have a shrewd suspicion that the real reason was that Mr. Charles D. Lanier, the president of the Review of Reviews Company, who was the prime mover in the foundation and carrying out of the *Country Calendar* idea, had more work

to do than he could accomplish to his own satisfaction, and that he was glad to make a graceful exit from the new periodical to devote his entire time to the old.

Mr. Marion Crawford's latest novel, "Fair Margaret," is called "The Soprano" in England. The probable explanation for this change of title is that there has been a book published in England by the name of "Fair Margaret." It is not an uncommon thing for the names of American books to be changed in London, or *vice versa*. On the whole I think "The Soprano" a better title than "Fair Margaret," it is less sentimental.

Mr. Owen Johnson's novel, "In the Name of Liberty," is published in England under the name of "Nicole." Here is another instance of a change of name. Perhaps the English censor thinks that "In the Name of Liberty" sounds too much like a trumpet call to the populace!

Mrs. Baillie-Saunders's much-advertised prize novel, "Saints in Society," is about to be published in this country. The prize that Mrs. Baillie-Saunders won for her novel was not such a big one—\$500. Three and four times that much has been paid as prize money for a comparatively short story on this side of the water. It is a question whether anything is gained beyond advertising by prize stories. I cannot think of any prize novel that has taken its place among the masterpieces of fiction.

It is most fortunate and appropriate that Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell's features have been preserved in the beautiful bas-relief portrait by Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens, whose equestrian portrait of Mrs. Lowell's brother, Colonel Shaw, is the principal feature of one of America's greatest and most thrilling monuments. On another page is printed a poem to the memory of



Courtesy of Miss Lowell

MRS. JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL

From a bas-relief by Mr. Augustus Saint-Gaudens



Photo by Kuno Mueller, Baden-Baden

MR. AND MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON

Mrs. Lowell, who, like her brother, died in the service of her country; for

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than war.



My hearty congratulations to President Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia University, for being the first president to abolish football from his university. President Butler has the courage of his convictions, and I hope

that other college presidents will be equally courageous. The game of football as played in America is more brutal than prize-fighting. Prize-fighting is at least done in the open, and the umpire can easily see that the rules of the game are followed. Not so in football. A man may kill his antagonist or maim him for life and never be punished, for he cannot be discovered. The only thing to do is what President Butler has done, and the sooner other college presidents find this out the better.

Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Williamson, whose latest book, "My Friend the Chauffeur," seems to be quite as great a success as their first automobile novel, "The Lightning Conductor," will probably in the near future put a new twist to their motor tales. All their stories have been based to a certain degree on their own experiences. A very large part of "My Friend the Chauffeur" is strictly in accordance with the facts. They were entertained at Venice at just such a water picnic as they describe. They were taken out into the lagoons by friends, whose gondoliers served them the most exquisite hot dinner in many courses (and how it was managed was a delightful mystery) while the boats floated on the still, opal water at sunset, rose-colored fairy lamps lighting the improvised dinner tables. Even the incident of dropping the gold bag in the Grand Canal was actually true. Mrs. Williamson's bag fell overboard, and in it was a lucky amulet and purse. A very handsome and delightful young Venetian artist did exactly as did Terry in the book: rushed into the old palazzo; appearing again in the moonlight in a sketchy but becoming bathing costume, and diving several times, he at last recovered the missing treasure. To reward him, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson introduced him to a charming young American woman, whom they thought might be interested in his pictures. The two fell in love at first sight, were married in a few weeks, and Mrs. Williamson gave the bride for a wedding present, set in a bracelet, the lucky amulet her husband had fished out of the canal.

A new departure of the Williamsons will come as the result of their last summer's vacation, which was spent in Holland travelling in a motor-boat through the canals, and a motor-boat romance can be expected in consequence. It is understood, however, that the next Williamson book to see the light will be a motor-car story, the scene of which is laid in the United States.



Apropos of the Williamsons, their first book, "The Lightning Conductor,"

which has gone through twenty-two editions, has been dramatized by Mrs. Harry B. Smith for Mr. Herbert Kelsey and Miss Shannon. It is said that the automobile will have an important part in the play.



MRS. FRANCES SQUIRE POTTER

Mrs. Frances Squire Potter, whose first book, "The Ballingtons," is one of the best novels of the season, is spending the year in Cambridge, England, studying sixteenth and seventeenth-century English. She is on a leave of absence from the University of Minnesota, where she is Assistant Professor of English. With her three children she is keeping house, and is at work on a volume of essays, the preparation of which will be as careful as

that of her novel, upon which she worked for seven years at varying intervals. After the essays she plans to write a play.

Mr. Heinrich Conried's plan for a National Theatre is interesting, but I regret to say that it does not seem to me altogether satisfactory. As far as announcements have been made it looks as though the so-called National Theatre was to be rather a feeder to the Metropolitan Opera House than an independent national institution. In Mr. Conried's plan, as I have seen it stated, and as I believe it to be from his own letters on the subject, is for the forming of a school of fashion rather than a school of art. Carried out on the lines laid down, I cannot see that the American playwright will be any more encouraged than by the present system. The success or failure of a National Theatre depends entirely upon the management. Mr. Conried made a great success as the manager of a German theatre, and he has made a success as the manager of German opera. But to manage an American theatre is another thing. In his German theatre Mr. Conried gave plays that had already been tried and proved successful in Germany. As the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House he has given us operas that have long been proved worthy. But why should we believe from this that he should be a good judge of untried plays? It is one thing to produce a success; it is another to discover a success.

The loud trumpeting of Mr. Conried's plan has knocked on the head another scheme that was on foot for a National Theatre, which to my mind seemed much more what such an institution should be than that of Mr. Conried. The money had already been subscribed and the scheme was in good shape when Mr. Conried threw his bomb into the arena. Whether the people who are interested in the other plan will retire from it altogether, or will only hold back until they see what Mr. Conried is actually going to do, I

cannot say. I can only hope that their retirement is merely temporary.

Miss Susan Strong, who is about to return to America, her native country, for a season, has made a great success in England. She is a pupil of Francis Korbay, the well-known Hungarian composer and teacher, whose departure from New York some years ago caused genuine sorrow to all lovers of good music. The London *Times* describes her as one of the most interesting singers of the day. Miss Strong is not a singer of grand opera, but rather confines herself to song recitals, interpreting many of the best if least sung masters. I take pleasure in presenting this portrait of Miss Strong, reproduced from a crayon sketch by Mr. John S. Sargent.

I wonder if Mr. E. J. Hornung is not going to overdo "Raffles" as a hero of fiction. He has already published two "Raffles" books, and now Messrs. Scribner announce "A Thief in the Night: Further Adventures of A. J. Raffles, Cricketer and Cracksmen." Sir Conan Doyle has come to the end of his Sherlock Holmes stories as far as the public is concerned. They no longer thrill as they did. There may be publishers willing to pay him a dollar a word for the resuscitation of the great detective, but it is generally admitted by those who admire Sir Arthur's work most that Sherlock Holmes has been overdone. The same fate will befall "Raffles." He was virtually brought back from death for his second appearance upon the scene, but the corpse having once been revived, Mr. Hornung probably thinks he can live as long as Mr. Rider Haggard's "She."

Mr. Robert Hichens has chosen a startling title, "The Call of the Blood," for his next novel. By the side of this name, "The Call of the Wild" is tame. Mr. Hichens has taken Sicily for the scene of his new story. The scene of "The Garden of Allah," which was the



MISS SUSAN STRONG
From a drawing by Mr. John Singer Sargent



Photo by White

THE LION AND THE MOUSE. ACT 3

Mr. Richard Bennett as Jefferson Ryder, Miss Grace Elliston as Shirley Kosmore, Mr. Edmund Breese as Ready Money Ryder

literary sensation of last year, was laid in Egypt. If Mr. Hichens can paint the scenery of Sicily as he painted the scenery of Egypt, another notable book of word painting may be expected. The new story will not appear until the autumn of 1906, which shows that Mr. Hichens is not taking advantage of the great success of "The Garden of Allah."

22

The indefatigable Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is at work on a new short novel which will appear serially in the *Century Magazine*. Dr. Mitchell seems to grow younger with the years. As for his work, it is just as vigorous to-day as it was when he wrote "Hugh Wynne," and he was not a young man, by the way, when he wrote that story.

23

After the horror of ghosts last winter, after the tangled witticisms and humorous indecencies of Bernard Shaw this fall, and after the yearly round of psychological clap-trap by lesser playwrights, the New York theatre-goer meets a reward for his patience. "At The Lion and the Mouse," a play by Mr. Charles Klein, the author of the "Music Master," one may sit before a clean, virile drama, dealing with one of the problems of our modern environment, as it centres about a man who has passed the sentimental and romantic age. More, the spectator may here visit a play that though the force of the dramatic qualities of emotion, of suspense, of dry humor, and of movement compels its audience to listen with a willing momentary belief. Finally he may rest thankful that if the author intended to draw a moral he relegated it to its proper place, where the greater part of the audience cannot discover it, though those that insist on finding a meaning beneath the surface may unearth a creed that personal interest rules the world more than any code of principles.

24

Perhaps the same delvers are convinced that in their search among the characters they have reached traces of

Mr. John D. Rockefeller and Miss Ida M. Tarbell. Unfortunately for them the author admits that he wrote the play before the noted articles ever came to light. Nevertheless, Ryder, a type rather than an individual, through his own strength of character masters the stage for three acts. Even if he does not stand calm analysis unshaken, he holds the attention of his audience, especially in his dialogues with Shirley, a girl whom Americans love to think the example of their race, and with "Jef," a young man unfortunately rare among his social companions. In these latter moments more than anywhere else the elder Ryder's remarks show unusual adaptation to the character of their speaker. When the old man wishes to cut short the queries and explanations of "Jef," he says:

"No Tolstoy! He's a great thinker! You're not! No, Shaw! He's funny! You're not!"

And when the two part company shortly after, the father calls to his son as the young man starts for the door:

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that's all!"

"Leave your address with your mother!"

25

To carry out the task set for them the players have worked conscientiously and well, acting with each other for a thorough general effect. Richard Bennett, as "Jef," places in the usually thankless rôle of the son and lover a good-natured charm, removed from the conventional sappy rendering. Mr. Edmund Breese grasps the dynamics of John Burkett Ryder. At times he drops his sentences into a melodramatic tone, but for the most part he remains consistent and virile. As Shirley Rossmore, Miss Grace Elliston looks her part, and acts it capably, despite an unfortunately monotonous delivery. The minor rôles are intelligently cast so that there come no gaps that the audience would wish to see hurried over. Such a production will not be damned or praised on details so long as the best play is regarded as the play that reaches the highest general level. Whatever "The Lion and the Mouse" lacks in

logic, or psychology, or delicate construction, it balances in its clean and dignified tone, its sustained interest, and its independence.



Mark Twain's seventieth birthday was celebrated with much enthusiasm at a dinner given by Colonel Harvey on the 5th of last month. THE CRITIC celebrated the fiftieth birthday of Mr. Clemens twenty years ago with letters of congratulation from distinguished authors and a poem contributed for the occasion by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which I reprint for the benefit of those who may have forgotten it and of others who never saw it:

Ah, Clemens, when I saw thee last,
We both of us were younger,—
How fondly mumbling o'er the past
Is Memory's toothless hunger!

So fifty years have fled, they say,
Since first you took to drinking,—
I mean in Nature's milky way,—
Of course no ill I'm thinking.

But while on life's uneven road
Your track you've been pursuing,
What fountains from your wit have flowed,—
What drinks you have been brewing!

I know whence all your magic came,—
Your secret I've discovered,—
The source that fed your inward flame,—
The dreams that round you hovered:

Before you learned to bite or munch,
Still kicking in your cradle,
The Muses mixed a bowl of punch,
And Hebe seized the ladle.

Dear babe, whose fiftieth year to-day
Your ripe half-century rounded,
Your books the precious draught betray
The laughing Nine compounded.

So mixed the sweet, the sharp, the strong,
Each finds its faults amended,
The virtues that to each belong
In happier union blended.

And what the flavor can surpass
Of sugar, spirit, lemons?
So while one health fills every glass
Mark-Twain for Baby Clemens!

THE CRITIC celebration was a great

surprise to Mr. Clemens, as expressed in this little note of acknowledgment:

MY DEAR CONSPIRATORS: It was the pleasantest surprise I have ever had, and you have my best thanks. It reconciles me to being fifty years old; and it was for you to invent the miracle that could do that—I could never have invented one myself that could do it. May you live to be fifty yourselves, and find a fellow-benefactor in that hour of awful need. Sincerely yours,

S. L. CLEMENS.

I will venture to say that the most appreciated present that Mr. Clemens received on his fiftieth birthday was the manuscript of Dr. Holmes's poem, sent to him with the compliments of THE CRITIC.



Mr. Clemens's seventieth birthday was celebrated in poetry as well as was his fiftieth. It was not a surprise that Dr. Holmes should put into verse the praises of his fellow-humorist, but it was a surprise that Mr. W. D. Howells should burst forth into song on this occasion. Mr. Howells's contributions to poetry have been few and far between, which shows that the seventieth anniversary of his friend's birth was unusually inspiring. Here is what Mr. Howells said:

A traveller from the Old World, just escaped
Our customs with his life, had found his way
To a place uptown, where a Colossus shaped
Itself, skyscraper high, against the day.
A vast smile, dawning from its mighty lips,
Like sunshine on its visage seemed to brood;
One eye winked in perpetual eclipse,
In the other a huge tear of pity stood.
Wisdom in chunks about its temples shone;
Its measureless bulk grotesque exultant rose;
And while Titanic puissance clothed it on,
Patience with foreigners was in its pose.
So that, "What art thou?" the emboldened traveller
spoke,

And it replied, "I am the American joke.

"I am the joke that laughs the proud to scorn;
I mock at cruelty, I banish care,
I cheer the lowly, chipper the forlorn,
I bid the oppressor and hypocrite beware.
I tell the tale that makes men cry for joy;
I bring the laugh that has no hate in it;
In the heart of age I wake the undying boy;
My big stick blossoms with a thornless wit.

The lame dance with delight in me; my mirth
Reaches the deaf untrumpeted; the blind
My point can see. I jolly the whole earth,
But most I love to jolly my own kind.
Joke of a people great, gay, bold, and free,
I type their master mood. Mark Twain made me."



Of course Mr. Clemens's own speech was the speech of the evening. He was never in better form, which means that he was never more amusing. The most of his address was devoted to instructing his hearers how to live to be seventy:

We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there was n't anybody left to sit up with, and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity. It has saved me sound, but it would injure another person.

In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which did n't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the best of it myself. But last spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight; up to then I had always believed it was n't loaded.

And I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take off the Pullman and retire you to

the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first way station where there's a cemetery.

I have made it a rule never to smoke more than one cigar at a time. I have no other restriction as regards smoking. I do not know just when I began to smoke, I only know that it was in my father's lifetime, and that I was discreet. He passed from this life early in 1847, when I was a shade past eleven; ever since then I have smoked publicly.

To-day it is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit. I have never bought cigars with life-belts around them. I early found that those were too expensive for me. I have always bought cheap cigars—reasonably cheap, at any rate. Sixty years ago they cost me \$4 a barrel, but my taste has improved latterly, and I pay \$7 now.

As for drinking, I have no rule about that. When the others drink I like to help, otherwise I remain dry, by habit and preference. This dryness does not hurt me, but it could easily hurt you, because you are different. You let it alone.

I have never taken any exercise except sleeping and resting, and I never intend to take any. Exercise is loathsome. And it cannot be any benefit when you are tired; I was always tired. But let another person try my way and see where he will come out.

I desire now to repeat and emphasize that maxim: We can't reach old age by another man's road. My habits protect my life, but they would assassinate you.

All of this goes to show that Mark Twain is still himself. Long may he wave!

Books of To-day and Books of To-morrow

LONDON, December, 1905.

DEAR BELINDA,—

After writing the word "December" at the heading of this letter I feel that I should follow it up by writing you upon some such subject as "How to have a good time." But, then, every one's idea of "a good time" is different, so it is n't any good my attempting to please you or any one else in such matters. Then I might attempt an essay on the subject of Christmas and Christmas customs, and read up the subject so as to appropriately quote all the old carols and interlard my sen-

tences with barn-door flights of learning upon pageants, revels, and wassail bowls, and encourage you to keep up Christmas in the good old way. Last year a well-known Baronet told me that he had been keeping Christmas in the old-fashioned way, but that it had made him and all his Christmas party so very ill that he never would attempt it again. No, the work I have to do this month is strictly businesslike, the fact being that books are now given more than ever as presents, and there being a wilderness of new books around us at the present time, I propose, as

usual at this time of the year, to try to assist you in this matter of choosing books as Christmas gifts. With so much to do, I am disposed to divide all the volumes which are before me into two, and to call one lot big books and the other lot little books, and the idea, as I think about it, does n't seem bad, because when you make up your list of friends to receive presents there are always a number of people to whom you must send a big book and others who are good as gold for a whole year—in fact, until next Christmas—if you only remember them with just a trifle. This year there do not appear to be as many big books as in former years. I am disposed to think that the day of really big books is passing away. Publishers find that a big picture book for "grown-ups" is a very short-lived thing, and so I suppose we shall get fewer and fewer of this kind each year.

Messrs. Goupil, whose taste and judgment are almost always above reproach, this year have added to their fine quarto illustrated series a book upon the Duchesse de Berry, who flourished in the early years of the nineteenth century. Perhaps a better subject might have been found, and one wonders often why Messrs. Goupil, with all their facilities and their enterprise, have never yet added to their series a volume upon Madame du Barry. The majority would prefer Du Barry to De Berry. Mrs. Steuart Erskine comes next with a fine book upon "Beautiful Women"—historical ladies of a past day around whom cling romance, gossip, and scandal. This book has delightful portraits reproduced by the skill of Mr. Hyatt. There are no garden books so far this autumn, though one hears that some great ladies are busy with books about their own homes and gardens. "Garden Color," a volume issued last spring, holds the field as the best garden book of the year, and the fine pair of volumes upon "Italian Gardens," issued some months ago makes a good gift. Miss Du Cane also, who is so well known as a very clever artist of gardens, has illustrated with gorgeous colored sketches Mr. Bagot's book upon the Italian Lakes,

and this makes a very pretty volume, uniform with Menpes's "Japan." I was saying how much the big book has decreased in numbers the past few years, and this is in part owing, no doubt, to the success of the colored book initiated by Messrs. Black with the volume upon "Japan" to which I have just alluded. There is now in this series at least thirty volumes (each published at a sovereign) from which a choice may be made of books both handsome and readable. This series deserves all the success it has met with. And in this same *format* there has just been added a most delightful "Life of Kate Greenaway," written by Mr. Spielmann and Mr. Layard. It is crammed full of specimens of Kate Greenaway's work, all chosen with good judgment and good taste—such a fascinating record of one of the very few first-class decorative book artists England can boast of. And there are heaps of letters to the artist from Ruskin, Frederick Locker, and others. To turn the pages over and just look at the pictures is a joy. This year there are a great many good biographies and memoirs. Unfortunately at the time I write this letter only a few of those promised are really published. The first favourite is Mr. Wilkins's "Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV." For very many years it has been known that there was a box at Messrs. Coutts's containing vindications of Mrs. Fitzherbert, her marriage certificate, etc., and from time to time endeavors have been made to publish these papers, but unsuccessfully. When Lord Holland published his memoirs of the Whig Party in 1854, there were statements therein which were supposed to be injurious to Mrs. Fitzherbert's reputation, and one relative endeavored in a partial biography to justify Mrs. Fitzherbert, but he failed to make use of these papers, at any rate fully, and it has been left to Mr. Wilkins to negotiate their publication. Mrs. Fitzherbert was twice a widow before George IV., then Prince of Wales (1785), fell, or thought he fell, in love with her. He was badly taken with the malady, and on one occasion attempted to stab

himself in despair for her sake. They were married in a drawing-room, and everything went well until Charles Fox stated in the House that he did n't believe they were married at all. This was a real bomb, and the Prince went off to Mrs. Fitzherbert and said, "What do you think, Maria? Charles declared in the House last night that you and I were not man and wife." However, this was soon hushed up by the skill of Sheridan, and all went well for many years afterwards. Another biography which has already attracted a lot of notice is Mr. Sichel's "Life of Lady Hamilton." Mr. Sichel has been fortunate in securing the co-operation of Mrs. Morrison, the owner of the priceless Nelson-Hamilton correspondence. The book is a fuller and better written life than hitherto has appeared of Lady Hamilton, a subject ever dear and ever fresh to the reading public, and particularly opportune this year, when everything relating to Nelson is being read. The authoritative "Life of Marie Antoinette," written a year or so ago by M. de Nolhac, has just been issued in a new form. Hitherto the book has been accompanied by a number of prints, which have made it a high-priced book, but now the whole of the historical narrative can be purchased in a remarkably well printed and attractive-looking book—a very handy, inexpensive, and a very readable account of the reign and tragic end of this unfortunate Queen. Two political biographies are promised, those of Sir James Graham and Sidney Herbert. Mr. Justin McCarthy brings up the "History of our Own Times" to the accession of King Edward. "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," by Charles and Frances Brookfield, will attract much attention. It seems but the other day that Mrs. Brookfield was about, looking as handsome as ever in her old age. Mrs. Brookfield was the original of "Lady Castlewood" in "Esmond," and moved in the centre of the brilliant world which included Thackeray, Tennyson, the Hallams, the Lytteltons, and Dean Stanley. Two other biographies of social celebrities which every one hopes soon to see

are Sir Algernon West's "Life of Admiral Keppel" and Mr. Herbert Paul's "Life of Froude." Both books are bound to add much to what we know already about two magnetic personalities. The "Holman Hunt Memoirs of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood" will surely be another favorite. I would have liked to say much about Mr. Romilly's "Letters to Ivy from Lord Dudley," but I have no space, for I must now scamper through the titles of the children's books. The new Golliwogg book is "The Golliwoggs' Fox-hunt," which, after a spirited chase, ended in the fox getting down a hollow tree, and though he lost his brush he preserved his mask, and lived to be hunted another day. Mr. Walter Emanuel has successfully done "The Zoo: a Scamper," plentifully interspersed with some of his excellent jokes. Lady Ridley has a new book, "The Sparrow with One White Feather"; and the Duchess of Buckingham has written a very entertaining volume called "Willy Wind and Jock and the Cheeses." "Told to the Children Series" is a successful series of inexpensive story-books based upon the old heroic tales, well printed and well illustrated. Seton Thompson's new book is "Monarch, the Big Bear," with heaps of pretty illustrations. Other excellent story-books are Mr. Lucas's "Old-Fashioned Tales," Mr. Hudson's "Little Boy Lost," Miss Evelyn Sharp's "Micky," and Miss Gilder's "Autobiography of a Tom-boy." Needless to say, Mr. Strang is to the front with two capital stories for big boys, well worthy of the Henty traditions which Mr. Strang has already proved he worthily sustains. "Maitland Major and Minor," by Charles Turley, and "The Head of Kay's," by P. G. Wodehouse, may be singled out from the great mass of children's literature which comes upon us every Christmas season.

I wanted to finish up by saying a good deal about the smaller but none the less important books which every one will require. I think if the choice were to be given to me of selecting half-a-dozen inexpensive presents of

taste, I should choose first the new book by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." It is called "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." Next I would choose De Goncourt's "Love in the Eighteenth Century," a charming little essay about France and French ways at a time about which every one wishes to know as much as he can. Then there is a new and much better printed edition of Maeterlinck's great book, "The Treasure of the Humble." No book of modern times has touched a higher note than this. The fourth book I shall name is Mr. Birrell's new volume of essays, "In the Name of the Bodleian." Mr. Birrell has never written a dull line, and I am sure never made

a dull speech, or told a story which was not well worth telling. His new book is full of learning, but it lies lightly upon Mr. Birrell's shoulders. He is always brilliant, always to the point, and delightfully epigrammatic. The fifth volume of these six elect is Lady Lindsay's "Godfrey's Quest," a fantastic and charming poem written in the gifted manner which has marked all Lady Lindsay's works. As far as I am aware, Lady Lindsay's volume is the only distinguished volume of poetry this Christmas. Last I shall name Mr. Lucas's volume, "The Friendly Town," a fitting companion to his successful "Open Road."

Your friend,
ARTHUR PENDENYS.

English "Estranged"

By WILLIAM ARCHER

MY eye has just fallen upon a paragraph in the London *Daily Chronicle* which has aroused in me such burning indignation that I must give it vent without a moment's delay. The pectant paper is already, no doubt, on its way across the Atlantic, and it is important that a disclaimer should follow it as quickly as possible. Questions of language are not the trifles they appear, and I am quite serious in holding that people who write in the tone of the *Chronicle* paragraphist not only fly in the face of common-sense, but do grievous international mischief. Without further preamble, I present to the reader's most unfavorable consideration the offending paragraph:

In an English book just published occur two turns of phrase: "I concluded to stay," and "lung-trouble." It is certain that no one within the four seas uses these words without deliberation or by inadvertence. The Englishman who says "lung-trouble" or "conclude" (for "decide") does so for the express purpose of enriching the English language from the stores of America. We ask him not to take the task upon himself. If we must set ourselves to borrow, let it be from the other tongues, not from our own estranged. Some lend-

ings from France we always need, as does France from us.

The writer then goes on to remark that while we have borrowed "poseur" from France, the French have borrowed "snob" from us, and misapplied it, to express the same idea. I am not sure that the French "snob" is the exact equivalent of the English "poseur"; but for an example of linguistic snobishness in the home-made British sense of the word, commend me to the *Chronicle* paragraph.

It is really time that people who want to turn up their noses at Americanisms should learn, in common prudence, to turn up their dictionaries first. How many hundreds of so-called American barbarisms have proved to be good, sound, classical-English! Over "conclude" the paragraphist puts his foot in it conspicuously. He may, perhaps, have heard of a play called "Julius Cæsar," composed by a Midland Englishman, wholly untainted (for the best of reasons) with Americanism, in which occurs the phrase:

... the Senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

And again, the same writer, in one of his poems, says, "They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence." Does the *Chronicle* demand better authority? Or will it tell us that Shakespeare was perversely bent on "enriching the English language from the stores of America"? The *Chronicle* man may conceivably seek a loop-hole for escape in pointing out that both the Shakespearean phrases refer to a decision arrived at by several persons—in other words, to the "conclusion" of some sort of debate—whereas the phrase he reprobates refers to the determination of a single person. But is a mental debate a thing undreamt of in his psychology? Does he never stand "this way and that dividing the swift mind," and finally "conclude" for or against some project? The next time he wants to sneer at an Americanism, I think he had better "conclude" to make certain first that it was not familiar to Chaucer a hundred years before Columbus was born. As for "lung-trouble," I was not aware that America could claim credit for the expression, nor am I inclined to concede it to her on the paragraphist's authority. But if he should prove to be right in this instance, the expression is a distinct "enrichment" of the English language, and a feather in America's cap. How often do we want to say that there is something amiss with some portion of our physical economy, without being able or willing to give a definite name to the disease? And, in such an instance, how can we put the matter more briefly, or more in consonance with the genius and tradition of the English language, than by speaking of lung-trouble, heart-trouble, or brain-trouble, as the case may be? It is really difficult to write with patience of the folly which would thus paralyze the language, and at the same time raise a barrier of pedantry between us and our cousins of the West. Indeed, I am not sure that I have succeeded in discussing the matter with that judicial calm which usually characterizes my utterances. I confess to feeling a distinct "pain in my temper"—or an attack of temper-trouble, if the *Chronicle* will permit me to say so.

Not that I profess an indiscriminating admiration for every locution that comes from America. There are objectionable Americanisms, just as there are detestable Anglicisms. For instance, on 1 July, 1904, I read in the *Daily Chronicle*, of all papers, a dispatch "From Our War Correspondent" in the Far East, containing the following expressions:

It is up to the honor and sense of justice and of right of the peoples of the entire civilized world to see her [Japan] through. . . . I have interviewed not a few of the sense-carriers of the nation, and found there was quite a strange unanimity of opinion.

Neither "it is up to" nor "sense-carriers" seems to me a valuable addition to the common stock of our speech. "It is the duty of" and "representative men" are good enough for me. I should never use, nor encourage others to use, these unnecessary and (as it seems to me) ungraceful neologisms. At the same time, my voice in the matter is only one among many millions. The phrases are, so to speak, put up for election into the English language. For my part, I blackball them; I "have no use for them"; but I frankly admit the right of America to propose phrases for election, and gratefully acknowledge the substantial value of hundreds of the phrases proposed by her and elected by acclaim. It is quite possible that, a generation hence, "it is up to" and "sense-carriers" may have proved their right to survive—by surviving. They may fulfil some function which I cannot divine, and gradually establish themselves in the language. On the other hand—and I think more probably—they may be nothing but ephemeral turns of phrase, of which every year produces its crop in every living language. What is the meaning of a living language if it be not one that can take on and cast off new expressions, according as they prove or do not prove adapted to its uses? It is extraordinary what pains some people will take to convince themselves that it is vulgar for a language to be alive, and that it ought in decency to pretend to be as dead as a door-nail.

"But," my adversary may object, "if you claim the right to blackball 'sense-carriers,' why should you be so angry if I exercise the same right in the case of 'lung-trouble'?" The right is unquestioned; what exasperates me is the exceeding and elaborate badness of the reason alleged. No attempt is made to show that "lung-trouble" is ungraceful, illogical, or superfluous—that some more expressive phrase (for instance, "pulmonary affection") meets all our requirements. No—the sole defect of the phrase is its (alleged) American origin. The principle of its rejection is formulated in these memorable terms: "If we must borrow, let it be from the other tongues, not from our own estranged." In other words, instead of accepting with gratitude the natural enrichment of our speech due to the nimble Transatlantic brain, let us interlard the language of Shakespeare and Milton and Bunyan, of Dryden and Swift and Defoe, of Emerson and Hawthorne and Lincoln, with lumbering German vocables and modish tags of French! A more perversely nonsensical doctrine was surely never

enunciated. It is unhappily true that there are a few French terms (such as "naïf" and "tête-à-tête") for which our language has as yet evolved no satisfactory equivalent. The self-respecting writer will do all he can to avoid even these, and use them only when it would be, so to speak, an affectation to refrain. But the vile practice of flying to a French word whenever an English one was in the least difficult to find has long been abandoned by all educated people; nor is there much danger that the exhortations of the *Chronicle* will revive it. I, for my part, am all for accepting foreign expressions that can be Anglicized without difficulty or grotesqueness. For instance, I regard "overman" and "hinterland" as legitimate English words. That, however, is a matter of opinion, and is not what the *Chronicle*-man has in view. His principle is that you show respect for the English language when you call a man a "poseur," disrespect when you say that he has "lung-trouble." Was there ever a quainter inversion of reason!

Oriental Definitions

Jagannatha

By MARGUERITE MERINGTON

*The idol rides (we cry), rides forth in state;
Vishnu (we cry) seeks victims by the road—
And we whom Brahma framed, precipitate, -
Hurtle ourselves beneath the deadly load!*

*Our feet that Brahma fashioned for the dance,
Halt, maimed (we cry), through life must bear their mar,
Crushed by the adverse wheels of circumstance—
And yet who reared the idol, built the car!*



JAGANNATHA

Willis and Poe: A Retrospect

By ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

FENIMORE COOPER said through one of his characters, "To an American, *always* means just eighteen months." Happily we have outgrown some of the braggart traits which called forth such extreme sarcasm but do we not seem still precocious occasionally, anxious to appear older than we are in history and letters? The day of the American literary centenary is at hand and with patriotic zeal the celebrations have begun. That an author is read, or even is popular, one hundred years after his birth is scarcely sufficient ground, however, for proclaiming him among the immortals of literature. Reading some of the lavish tributes heaped upon Emerson and Hawthorne one felt assured that the men, reserved and sincere, would have deplored such extravagance. On the other hand, there is a feeling of satisfaction at the coming of these centenaries, if they are observed with taste and discrimination. Such is the fitting time to disprove false statements and uproot prejudices, to collect bits of personalia from the surviving family and few acquaintances of the author, or to record in an effective form a special message which the author has brought to some individual reader. It is the occasion for registering the present rank of the author in comparison with earlier popularity or neglect; it is not the occasion for glowing prophecies.

Perhaps it is fortunate, as a means of emphasizing the true significance of the centenary, that the present month in America recalls the birth of a minor almost forgotten, writer. Following the revival of interest in seer and in romancer, and preceding the acclaims which will soon greet the three favorite New England poets, is this centennial year of Willis, once the most successful of earlier American writers, if success

be gauged by popularity and financial returns. With new force recurs the truism, "Time! the corrector where our judgments err." Fifty years ago Willis ranked, abroad as well as in America, with Irving and Longfellow in general favor, surpassing Bryant, Hawthorne, and Poe. He outlived his own prestige, and his star of fame, once so conspicuous, has lost its radiance until there is not even a glimmer of revival. Justice seems now to be done his memory by recalling such phrases of characterization as "the graceful trifler," "the prince of paragraphists," or

The topmost bright bubble on the Wave of the Town.

Occasionally some reader of authority rescues a few of his stanzas from the mass of buried verses and prose ephemera. Colonel Higginson has recently instanced "the sweet, dying cadences" of "The Belfry Pigeon." With kindly judgment, tinctured by boyhood's memories, he finds evidence "to atone for all of Willis' coxcombry and to show that, in spite of the English applause that spoiled him, he was a poet at heart," in the melodious lines,

Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with film'd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Poe's relation to Willis was that of a just, intuitive critic and a warm, often dependent, friend. Spurning the bulk of his writings that gained the ear of the social world, Poe delighted in those simple stanzas by Willis, beginning, "The shadows lay along Broadway."

In this pictorial study of two women, attended by the "Unseen Spirits" of hauteur and repentance, Poe admired the "grace, dignity, and pathos," and asserted that here was "a true imagination," a verdict accepted by latter-day critics. Poe was really our first critic with intuition to pierce through the film of popularity and with courage to affirm that Longfellow was overrated as a poet of originality, that the obscure Hawthorne was "a man of extraordinary genius," and that Willis's fame was largely due to his temperament, with its versatility and energy, and to the effective "display of his wares." In spite of such detraction he regarded Willis as a sincere friend, with far-reaching, helpful influence.

With frank acknowledgment that Willis's own work was of only passing value, it may be worth while to record that he had qualities of mind and heart which, joined to his potential popularity, enabled him to do many a service for struggling authors of his day, then almost unheeded but now among the few American writers who are candidates for lasting fame. Through his *Athenæum* sketches and his editorial columns in the *Mirror* and the *Home Journal*, he introduced, or, in turn, defended from unjust attacks, Bryant, Halleck, Cooper, Hawthorne, Poe, and Longfellow. His columns were kindly and encouraging in tone, even if they sometimes lacked keenness, in those days when newspaper notices generally savored of hyperbole or invective. In Poe's letters one may find many iterations of his indebtedness to Willis. Writing Griswold he said, "Willis, whose good opinion I value highly, and of whose good word I have a right to be proud, has done me the honor to speak very pointedly in praise of 'The Raven.'" Again, with more than formal or politic thanks, he wrote Willis, "I have not forgotten how 'a good word in season' from you made 'The Raven' and made 'Ulalume.'" Both these poems, which now rank high on the list of native poetry, were first printed anonymously in inferior journals with meagre circulation and might have been buried there, had not Willis

reprinted them in his popular columns with notes of sure approval and adroit inquiry as to the author, thus challenging public curiosity. His comment on "The Raven" as "the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country," and his more effusive praise of the phonetic merit of "Ulalume" were almost the first pronounced words of recognition of Poe as poet.

Willis did more than stand sponsor for the first-fruits of genius of his less fortunate friend. He gave him employment, with strong support and opportunity, and came to his defence in print on two noteworthy occasions. When the poverty of the Poe family was unfolded to the public by a kind but indiscreet woman, Willis not only sent inquiries of friendship and practical aid, but, yet more, he wrote a judicious statement of the case in his *Home Journal*.—"kind and manly comments," said Poe in a letter of thanks. Through the intimacy established while Poe was assisting Willis as editor of the *New Mirror* in 1844 and 1845, the latter was able to answer with force and dignity some of Griswold's insinuations in his famous obituary of Poe in the *Tribune*. Against the charge of erratic and violent temper Willis testified:

With the highest admiration for his genius, and a willingness to let it atone for more than ordinary irregularity, we were led to expect, by common report, a very capricious attention to his duties, and occasionally a scene of violence and difficulty. Time went on, however, and he was invariably punctual and industrious—a patient, industrious, and most gentlemanly person, commanding the utmost respect and good feeling by his unvarying deportment and ability.

Willis was the first commentator to explain the fearful effects of a few grains of alcohol on Poe's brain, and to appeal for a kindlier judgment for the man in his sanity and for the poet gifted far beyond the common knowledge.

Without recalling in detail other services to American authors of half a century ago, amid the words of

disparagement which are his due and the yet more scathing censure of silence, one may pause for a word of appreciation of Willis, the friend, and

may find reason for Professor Richardson's affirmation that Willis "was a power not to be ignored in the development of letters in New York."

Twelfth Night

By CHARLES J. BAYNE

LAST of the wassail nights,
Wholesomely merry,
Still on the mistletoe
Clings the white berry;
Still are the apples red,
Brown is the ale:
Feast of our Saxon sires,
Hail and all hail!

Bring forth the boar's head,
Bring forth the Rhenish;
Tankards that melt away,
Haste to replenish;
Lift on the stoutest log;
Loud be the laughter,
Until the sound of mirth
Shake wall and rafter.

Call back the sturdy days
When hearts of oak
Beat to the lilting strains
We now invoke;
Call back the hearty days
When squire and yeoman
Feasted the home-returned
Pikemen and bowmen.

Masques in the Temple hall,
Staged for the benchers,
Wait while the turning-spit
Heaps up the trenchers—
Wait while the venison,
Basted with spices,
Smokes as the richest
Of Yule's sacrifices.

Now Merry Andrew comes,
Fresh from the morris;
Now rustic Corydon
Trips it with Chloris:
Let the soft virginals
Answer the tabor;
After this wassail night
Come days of labor.

Such were the old delights,
Rounding the Yule;
Where sleeps His Majesty,
Lord of Misrule?
Still are the apples red,
Brown is the ale:
Feast of our Saxon sires,
Hail and all hail!



The Lambs*

By H. W. BOYNTON

MR. LUCAS'S *Life of Charles and Mary Lamb* (as it might well have been called, though only the brother's name appears upon the title-page) fitly complements his admirable edition of their *Works and Letters*. One must regret that the book-loving pair could not, through the paltry accident of mor-

full and sympathetic a commentary. It would really seem that for once a publisher has not claimed too much in postulating the finality of his version. Yet we know that other editions are to come—it is a part of our faith in the permanence of that cherished fame—and we may find it in our hearts, without belittling the present acquisition, to hope that finality will in this instance prove to be a relative term. Other data, we trust, remain to be unearthed; other Lamb enthusiasts, doubtless, are to find fresh reward for their assiduity.

Mr. Lucas has of course drawn largely upon Talfourd for his facts; but has also come into possession of some important new material. Upon two points he has certainly thrown fresh light: upon the fact of Lamb's recurrent but never confirmed intemperance, and upon the hitherto obscure episode of his second and serious love-affair. Of those too frequent alcoholic lapses we had perhaps heard enough for our comfort. Lamb himself was sufficiently frank in speaking of them; far more frank than men of less achievement and equal frailty find it possible to be to-day. Not that he was unashamed, but that prudery had not then begun to prescribe reticence in that connection. The line had not yet come to be sharply drawn, in theory, between the victim of "rum," whose home was in the gutter, and the total abstainer. Lamb was, socially, at his best after a glass or two; and it is no marvel if, now and then, he passed the bounds of decent exhilaration. Drunkard (despite the unmistakable autobiographical note in those feeling "Confessions") he never was. Yes, we may venture to quote—so much it breathes of human contrition, so wholesomely short it comes of mawkish self-abasement—one of the good man's own comments upon such a lapse:

I protest I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality which



CHARLES LAMB (AGED 50)

From the etching by Brook Pulham. (First state)

talities, see themselves arrayed in these costly glories of paper, typography, and illustration, and glossed with so

* The illustrations in this article are taken by permission from a "Life of Charles Lamb" by E. V. Lucas. G. F. Putnam's Sons.

I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman's house, say a merchant's or manufacturer's, a cheesemonger's or greengrocer's, or, to go higher, a barrister's, a member of Parliament's, a rich banker's, I should have felt alleviation, a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman drunk! a clergyman of the Church of England, too! . . . And, then, from what a house! Not a common glebe or vicarage (which yet had been shameful), but from a kingly repository of sciences, human and divine, with the primate of England for its guardian, arrayed in public majesty, from which the profane vulgar are bid fly. Could all those volumes have taught me nothing better?

The bibulatory excess in question occurred, it should have been said, at the rooms of Mr. Cary, of the British Museum.

Of Lamb's mature attachment for the popular and accomplished actress, Fanny Kelly, we are tempted to speak with some fulness. The brief correspondence which makes the affair intelligible is not here first published; but it here takes its proper place in a general view of Elia's life and character. It consists in but three letters, the first containing a rather formal profession of love and proposal of marriage, the second Miss Kelly's womanly but decided refusal, and the last Lamb's quiet and half-humorous submission to her reasonable will. Mr. Lucas does not make too much of the episode; indeed, it seems to me that he hardly attaches enough importance to it. We had known in a vague way that Lamb was at one time an ardent admirer of Fanny Kelly, and were familiar with the rumor of his offer of marriage; here impression and rumor are crystallized into unmistakable fact. There is no getting away from this clean and compact record; there is no denying that it brings to a focus more than one aspect of Lamb's character and of his sister's. A Lamb intent upon sacrificing his vaunted bachelorhood, an Elia turning his thoughts away from Cousin Bridget: surely there must have been more, or less, in this man than one has suspected: more or less in Bridget herself. In the light of this suspicion we are tempted to trace once more the not

unfamiliar events of that double career, and shall be surprised if we do not find them in some respects more intelligible than heretofore.

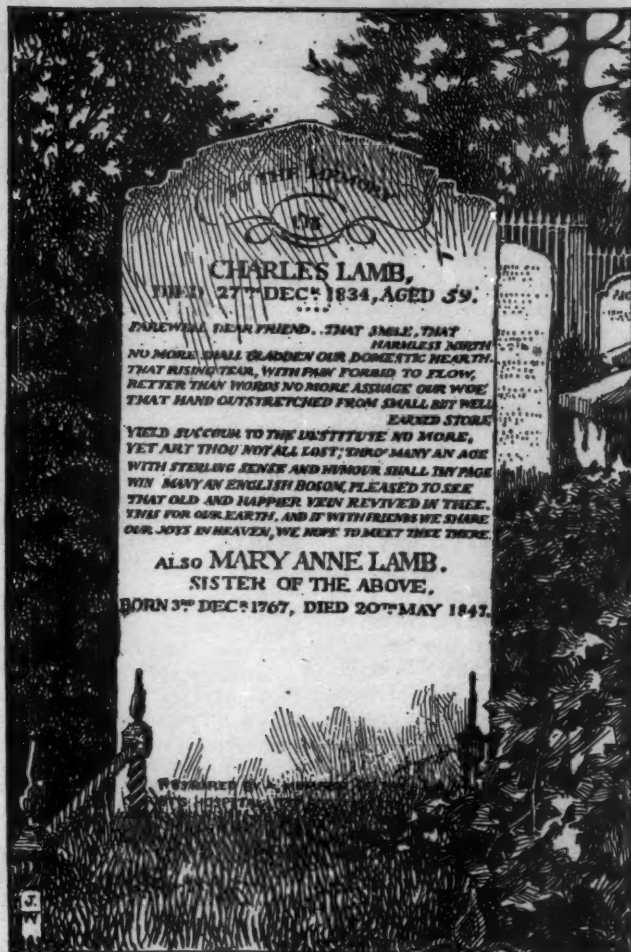
We may pass over Lamb's childish and Bluecoat days, and the few years which followed. Even the early romantic attachment for Alice "W.," with its ensuing sonnets, need not delay us long: that also belonged to a preliminary phase of experience. No doubt Lamb felt as sincerely as other boys of nineteen; and like them was inclined to take it for granted that all the Graces had blue eyes of a certain tinge and shape, and all the Primal Truths were hidden under a certain tangible mass of yellow hair. He continued for some time to look back upon her, or upon his notion of her, with tenderness, but without passion. He seems to have connected the experience, at the time, with his single attack of madness. In May, 1796, he writes to Coleridge that he has just spent six weeks "very agreeably in a madhouse near Hoxton"; and that "my head ran on you in my madness, as much almost as on another Person, who I am inclined to think was the more immediate cause of my temporary frenzy."

In September of the same year took place what we must call the first really great event in Lamb's experience; an event which made a man of him, and largely determined the course of his subsequent life. The letter in which Lamb tells Coleridge of it is one of the most moving in the language, partly because it is not a mere piteous outcry, but the utterance of a spirit which feels its power to withstand.

. . . My poor dear dearest sister in a fit of insanity has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present at a madhouse, from which I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses,—I eat and drink and sleep, and have my judgment, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt. Mr. Norris of the Bluecoat school has been very, very kind to us, and we have no other friend, but, thank God, I am very calm and composed, and able to do the best that remains to do. Write—as

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THE GRAVE OF CHARLES AND MARY LAMB IN EDMONTON CHURCHYARD

religious a letter as possible—but no mention of what is gone and done with.

There is a touch of momentary morbidity in the postscript: he wishes Coleridge not to speak of poetry to him. He has "destroyed every vestige of past vanities of that kind." A kind of penance, clearly; a sacrifice of cherished treasures wrung from the sensitiveness of a mourning son and brother. That mood quickly passed; a few leaves had been blighted, but his nature was sturdier than ever at the root. The

mother could not be restored, but the sister was to become to him, through the very fires of that horror, more beloved, more necessary than ever. The love of David and Jonathan has its parallels, but where shall we find a parallel for the love of Charles and Mary Lamb?

Well, it is remarkable, it is perhaps a sign of depravity, how little satisfaction we take in these unusual kinds of devotion. Are we really delighted and exalted, as the persons involved were, with Montaigne's passion of friendship

for La Boétie, or Shakespeare's for "W. H."? Do we really care for exhibitions of parental and filial piety? Are we not inclined to feel that marriage, or what Mr. Bernard Shaw might consistently call "super-marriage," affords the only legitimate material for approbation, where strong human feeling is concerned? How we commiserate the "old maid" who chances to love her father, or her work, more than the first or second man who comes along; or the bachelor whom labor and friendship deplorably suffice. Reluctantly we own to a share in this hopelessly common prejudice. We like to see people married and happy, or married and unhappy, taking their chance with the rest of us, and, if need be, their mischance. Then we know where they are; for the experience of matrimony, with all its variety, is a game of which, we flatter ourselves, we know the rules. We do not so much care why a man does marry; the main question is, Why does n't he? We have wondered somewhat in our youth over the relation between Elia and his Cousin Bridget. Did Lamb intend that we should wonder a little? Did he discern an engaging piquancy in the title of cousin which the title of sister lacks? It should be our revenge upon him then that we discern a kind of infidelity in his advances to the divine plain Miss Kelly,—and his consolation that we like and understand him all the better for it. He was, after all, a man like other men, capable of staking his utmost upon the greatest of all games of chance. To know this is to double our satisfaction in what we can but consider the fortunate defeat of his hopes: there was no room for him at the table, and presently he ceased to be troubled by the call of the blind, winged croupier.

The first love experience belonged, as we have seen, to Lamb's salad days, and need not be taken too seriously. It is creditable to him, it shows that he is alive, and we are rejoiced that it comes to nothing. The later experience is, not to be irreverent, a horse of another color. Lamb was now forty-four years old, his sister fifty-nine,

Fanny Kelly twenty-nine. Lamb had suffered no recurrence of his derangement, but Mary had spent weeks, sometimes months of every year in retirement. These attacks affected Charles acutely; partly because he suffered for her, partly because he missed her. At such times he showed a somewhat feverish desire for society, at such times his potations were most likely to end disastrously. At the time of the proposal of marriage, the play-going Lambs had long admired Miss Kelly on the stage, and had for some time known her intimately in private life. Lamb had seen a quarter-century's service in the East India Company, and, with a salary of six hundred pounds and what he got by writing, was in a position to marry.

What, then, is the substance of this correspondence of which we are making so much?

Would to God [says Lamb in his first letter] you were released from this way of life; that you could bring your mind to consent to take your lot with us, and throw off for ever the whole burden of your Profession. . . . I am not so foolish as not to know that I am a most unworthy match for such a one as you, but you have for years been a principal object in my mind. In many a sweet assumed character I have learned to love you, but simply as F. M. Kelly I love you better than them all. Can you quit these shadows of existence, and come and be a reality to us? can you leave off harassing yourself to please a thankless multitude, who know nothing of you, and begin at last to live to yourself and your friends?

As plainly and frankly as I have heard you give or refuse assent in some feigned scene, so frankly do me the justice to answer me. It is impossible that I should feel injured or aggrieved by your telling me at once that the proposal does not suit you. It is impossible that I should ever think of molesting you with idle importunity and persecution after your mind is once firmly spoken—but happier, far happier, could I have leave to hope a time might come, when our friends should be your friends; our interests yours; our book-knowledge, if in that inconsiderable particular we have any advantage, might impart something to you, which you would every day have it in your power to repay by added cheerfulness and joy which you could not fail to bring as a dowry into whatever family should have the honor and happiness of receiving you, the most welcome accession which could be made to it. . . .

The letter has several interesting aspects. In style, to begin with, it is altogether unlike Lamb; we find nothing which resembles it in the course of the whole published correspondence. This is rather a proof of the stress under which it was composed than anything else. The tone and substance of the letter are undoubtedly characteristic,—not always ingratiatingly characteristic, one might think, in the eyes

to wish her to be his own was to wish her to be not the public's. Nor is the allusion to what she might gain from her husband's and sister-in-law's book-learning altogether a propitious one. However, there is no evidence that Miss Kelly, being, as we have said, a sensible woman, took offence at any of these awkwardnesses, unlike Lamb as they indeed were. She knew her suitor, and herself; and her reply seems to

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30th March 1781

To the Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and Worshipful
the Governors of CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL, LONDON.

The humble Petition of John Lamb
of the ~~Parish of~~ Inner Temple, London, Sheweth,

Humbly Sheweth,
THAT the Petitioner has a Wife and three Child; and
he finds it difficult to maintain and
educate his Family without some Aid.

[Signature]

Therefore He humbly beseeches your Worship, in your usual Pity and
Charity to distressed Men, poor Widows, and Fatherless Children, to grant
the Admission of one of his ~~Children~~ *Children* into CHRIST'S-
HOSPITAL, named Charles Lamb
of the Age of Seven Years and upwards
there to be Educated and brought up among other poor Children.

[Signature]

Attest *James Linnard* 19th July 1782
Clerk

And He shall ever pray, &c.

Pl^y. p^a. 247.

JOHN LAMB'S PETITION FOR CHARLES LAMB'S ENTRY INTO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

of the sensible woman to whom it was addressed. The use of the plural pronoun might convey a warning—"be a reality to us," "our" friends, "our" interests, "our" book-knowledge: such phrases might well seem ominous to a putative bride, however fond she might be of the third person involved. Desire to be an additional member of an existing "we" is not a common incentive to wedlock. Here also is an ingenuous slighting of the recipient's profession which might not have been palatable. The probability is that fond of the theatre as Lamb was, and greatly as he admired Miss Kelly as an actress,

have been no less sincere than final. It was of a nature hardly likely to tempt more indiscreet persons than Lamb to "importunity and persecution": her heart had long been hopelessly engaged. Lamb replies in whimsical vein; and the incident is closed. All three letters have the same date. Ten days later Lamb writes an unsigned criticism of a play in which Miss Kelly was appearing, and says of her:

She is in truth not framed to tease or torment even in jest, but to utter a hearty yes or no; to yield or refuse assent with a noble sincerity. We

Skirting her own bright hair they run,
 And to the sunny add more Sun:
 Now on that Aged Face they fix,
 Streaming from the Crucifix;
 The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,
 Death-disarming sleeps infusing,
 Intuitions, foretastes high,
 And equal thoughts to Live or Die.

Gardenes bright from Eden's Bower,
 Tend with care that Lily Flower;
 To its root & leaves infuse
 Heaven's sunshine, Heavens dew.
 'Tis the type, & tis the pledge,
 Of a crowning Privilege.
 Careful as that Lily Flower,
 This maid must keep her precious dower;
 Live a sainted Maid, or die
 Martyr to virginity.

Virtuous Poor Ones, sleep, sleep on,
 And waking find your labours done.
 autograph C. Lamb.



IN LEIGH HUNT'S STUDY

From a hitherto unpublished drawing from memory, by Thornton Leigh Hunt
 Reproduced by permission of Mrs. Shelley Leigh Hunt

have not the pleasure of being acquainted with her, but we have been told that she carries the same cordial manners into private life.

A something magnanimous tribute from a rejected wooer; Miss Kelly remained on friendly terms with the Lambs, and long outlived them, dying unmarried at the age of ninety-two.

We do not know how much Lamb may have concealed, but he would appear to have been rather disappointed than deeply grieved, at the outcome of this episode. It was not so much untoward as unwished-for. The last fifteen years of his life he spent pretty contentedly in that comfortable estate of mitigated bachelorhood which his Bridget made possible. For her he had a very strong devotion, though he seems to have included her, as well as the woman he wished to marry, in one

of his favorite denunciations of clever women. The utterance, taken literally, is extraordinary indeed: it is to the effect that women only make themselves absurd and contemptible when they try to write; that "a female poet, or female author of any kind, ranks *below an actress*." But it is not probable that Lamb looked on his sister as a particularly clever woman, or that he would have classed her as a "female author" at all; certainly not in the company of the persons who moved his outburst, blue ladies, then generally adored, such as Mrs. Barbauld, and "L. E. L."

How, then, are we to picture Mary Lamb herself, this writer who was not an author, this helpmeet who was not a wife, this person under a cloud of mental infirmity, this matricide whom all



CHARLES LAMB

After a model by H. Weekes

From Tilt's "Authors of England," 1837

the world loved? Briefly, she seems to us one of the most remarkable persons of whom we have any record. It is one thing to kill your mother and be locked up in a madhouse; it is another to come hopeful and smiling out of the experience, without a tinge of morbid self-reproach, or of morbid fear for the future. Nine tenths of the time, the quality for which Mary Lamb would have been chiefly marked was her sanity, her admirable mental and moral poise. It would seem that her fits of derangement served her somewhat as the periodical "spree" serves one kind

of physical constitution: as if to the end of clearing the mind, the fancy, the entire nervous system, of the perilous stuff which but for these occasional evacuations might have poisoned the whole body. Apart from these periods, Charles was clearly the less sane of the two. Once in so often the too familiar warning would come, and the pair would go, hand-in-hand, and in tears, to the private retreat in the neighboring suburb. After a time she would return, cheerful as ever, to take care of her brother and to let him think that he was taking care of her; probably

the best possible working arrangement between man and woman. Mary Lamb certainly thought so, and there is hardly a better passage in her correspondence than that in which she formulates her canny theory of the case:

I make a point of conscience never to interfere or cross my brother in the humor he happens to be in. It always appears to me to be a vexatious kind of Tyranny, that women have no business to exercise over men, which, merely because *they having a better judgment*, they have the power to do. Let *men* alone, and at last they come round to the right way, which *we*, with a kind of intuition, perceive at once. But better, far better, that we should let them often do wrong than that they should have the torment of a Monitor always at their elbows.

Almost superhuman, that last sentence — certainly super-feminine. Mary Lamb held quaint views about the sphere of woman to which in this day a considerable number, perhaps a majority, of her sex would find it impossible to subscribe. We do not venture to assert that they were right; we only envy the man who had the advantage of them.

In how many ways [she writes in *The British Lady's Magazine*] is a good woman employed, in thought and action, through the day, that her *good man* may be enabled to feel his leisure hours *real substantial holiday*, and perfect respite from the cares of business! Not the least part to be done to accomplish this end is to fit herself to become a conversational companion; that is to say, she has to study and understand the subjects on which he loves to talk. . . . To make a man's home so desirable a place as to preclude his having to wish to pass his leisure hours at any fireside in preference to his own, I should humbly take to be the sum and substance of woman's domestic ambition.

The passage concludes with the demure remark that British ladies who had fulfilled this ambition must have found it "attended with enough of *mental exertion*, at least, to incline them to the opinion that women may be more properly ranked among the contributors to than the partakers of the undisturbed relaxation of man." We do not choose to read too much irony into the observation. Certainly she succeeded in the

task, such as it was. At twenty-one Lamb says she is all he can wish in a companion. Ten years later, during one of Mary's attacks, he confesses how necessary to him in every way she has become. He is reasonably assured that her loss is only temporary, yet

. . . . Meantime she is dead to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her coöperation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and biggest perplexity. To say all that I know of her could be more than I think anybody could believe or understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older, and wiser, and better than me, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me. . . .

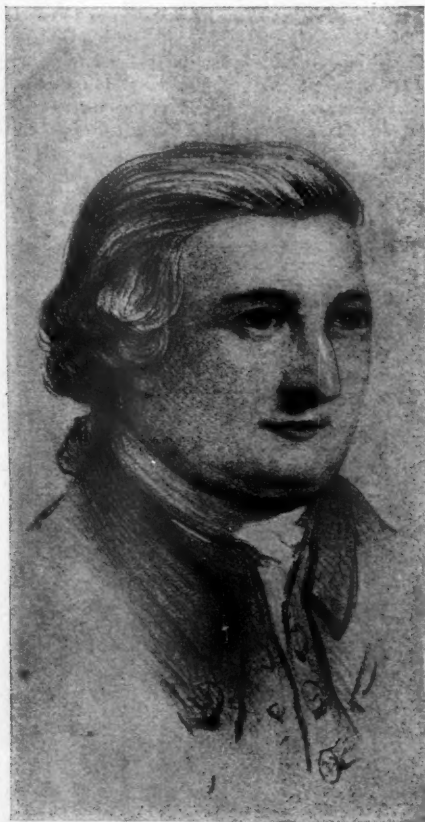


MARY AND CHARLES LAMB
From the painting by F. S. Cary in 1834

And what was Mary Lamb's attitude toward the possible marriage of this

man to whom she stood as mother, sister, and cherished companion? It is certain that she would have wished it if she could have seen happiness for him in it. As early as 1803 she had contemplated the possibility with cheerfulness, and with her usual good sense.

You will smile [she writes] when I tell you I think myself the only woman in the world who could live with a brother's wife, and make a real friend of her, partly from early observation . . . and partly from a knack I know I have of looking



JOHN LAMB
The father of Charles Lamb

into people's real character, and never expecting them to act out of it—never expecting another to do as I would in the same case.

It is impossible to suppose that she did

not know, and approve of, Lamb's purpose with regard to Miss Kelly or that she may not have felt his disappointment almost, yes, quite as keenly as himself.

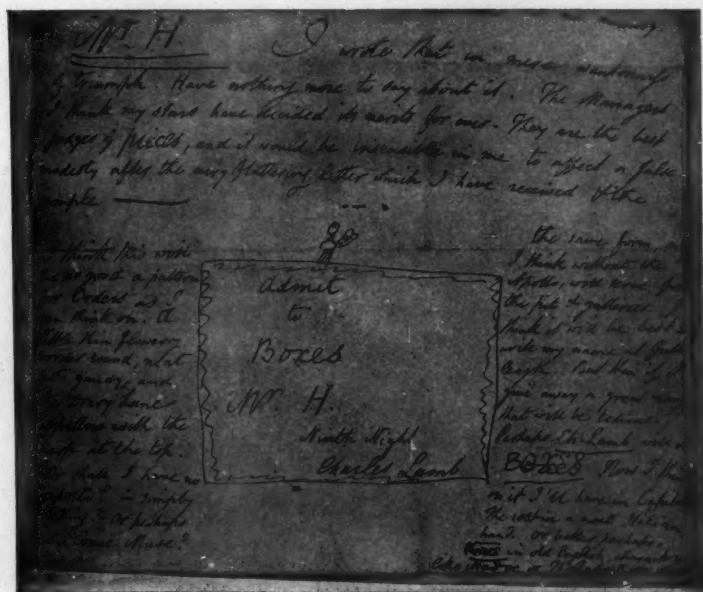
Yet perfect as she might have proved herself in the sisterly-in-law relation, we cannot help being glad, for the sake of all concerned, that her powers were not put to the test. Lamb would have been an affectionate and well-meaning husband; but that is, for some reason, a far less tolerable kind of domestic being than an affectionate and well-meaning brother. A Miss Kelly, however good-tempered and unexact, might have found it hard to put up with some of Lamb's bachelor ways. She might have found it impossible to accustom herself, as Mary Lamb had done, to be a "contributor rather than partaker of the undisturbed relaxation of man."

"The story of the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb," wrote Talfourd half a century ago, "is now told; nothing more remains to be learned respecting it." Yet Talfourd believed Lamb's celibacy to be an estate of deliberate self-sacrifice for the sake of his sister. We are glad it was neither that nor a result of insensibility; he wished to marry, and he could not manage it; and for both facts we should be sincerely grateful.

With Mary Lamb the case is somehow different. Her life, with all its shadows, we can but feel to have been rounded and complete. We suppose it true that it is more to a woman to be a mother than to be a wife. Mary Lamb's maternal instinct brooded over not only her brother but his friends—over Hazlitt and Martin Burney, and, above all, Coleridge. She outlived Lamb many years, dying in 1847, a very old woman. Her body was laid above that of her brother. What noise did she make in the world, what did she write? That is something for us to talk of, if at all, at another time. Whether she was a "female poet" or "female author" of any considerable kind does not concern us at the moment. Both she and her brother be-

long to that small company of persons who, having achieved something in art, are yet principally cherished in memory for what they were; not for their supernal virtues, but for their sweet and wholesome humanity. This is what Thackeray was paying tribute to when,

with tears, he called Lamb "Saint Charles"; this is the generous quality for which, with something like a personal pang of affection, we call to mind the gentle features, firm, yet smiling, of his sister—surely the best of sisters.



REDUCED FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM LAMB TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
From the original in the possession of Mr. Gordon Wordsworth



CHILDREN FLYING KITES
From a painting by Charles C. Curran

Charles Courtney Curran

CHARLES COURTNEY CURRAN possesses the rare faculty of painting for the sake of a simple artistic pleasure in the expression of his subject quite without reference to that demand upon memory or responsive thought so usual in this day of "illustrations" and "story telling" pictures. He enacts the doctrine that the truest appeal of oil and canvas should be almost as abstract as that of musical sounds. So, though sometimes his results tender charming meanings, as in the "Sirens," most frequently he places little stress in this direction compared to the emphasis he bestows on the manner of presenting and of conveying his sentiment. To that latter end his work bears the stamp of realism, for he arouses in the minds of his public a sense of true unqualified emotion through an effect of an impression gained by an instant-long vivid glance at a well-known region. Nevertheless the result does not halt with the passionless photographic aspect of a mere copy so often found in such attempts. A fair proportion of men and women, painters or otherwise, gain artistic conceptions of everyday situations that remain moderately well limited by truth to facts. Yet through superficiality, or other faults, comparatively few in any measure express such ideas in those harmonies of drawing and color that arouse in their neighbors the desired feelings, whether of pleasure or of sorrow. Mr. Curran, however, not only knows and appreciates what he paints, but he understands how to communicate that acquaintance to others. Sometimes the scene may be one such as the "Children Flying Kites," or a pasture with the mist of the hills driving across the seed-grass, and out-crops, and mullen-stalks, or a view from a bare ridge of rifted clouds breaking to show glimpses of valleys, or, perhaps, an interior where a girl sits at her piano in the afternoon light. He treats these records of local and yet general truths without pretension and without affectation beyond his strength, retaining, the

while, a modern and individual rendering that pays all deference to tradition. He neither lays an undue emphasis on drawing nor on elaborate or super-refined coloring, though clean and well controlled in the former direction, and clear and, as a rule, full of sunlight in the latter. He disposes the proper mass in the proper place with a grasp of the slow gradations of values—the relative strength of light and dark of every part of the canvas. Especially when out-of-doors painting modulations of blue-gray or mellow light he sounds the depth of moving atmosphere. He composes his lines with a quiet sureness that lacks visible formula. As a result the "Children Flying Kites" or his companion subjects arouse no movement of curiosity or of reminiscence, no historical interest, no desire to look before or after, no thought that could be better satisfied in words. Rather he controls and marks his painting with the needed sentiment of peace and relish in man and nature. He allures the eye and the heart and the brain not so much by a suggestion of a tale as by a composition of graceful forms. It is Mr. Curran's art that holds the spectator's gaze.

Charles Courtney Curran was born in Hartford, Kentucky, in 1861. He began to study art at the Cincinnati School of Design. From there he attended the Art Students' League in New York until he made a trip to Paris in 1888. In 1900 he became a member of the American Arts Commission at the Paris Exposition, and he returned to America as Assistant Director of Fine Arts at the Pan-American Exposition. He has taught at the Pratt Institute and at the Art Students' League. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, and other art associations. His work has been represented by his power to win the Carnegie prize and the first Corcoran prize for 1905.

H. ST. G.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
From the miniature by Thuron

A Few Things Recalled by the Franklin Bicentenary

By LE ROY B. RUGGLES

THE revival of interest in the life and works of Benjamin Franklin has caused many a long-forgotten and dust-covered volume to be brought down from the top shelf and reread with old-time enjoyment. At the public libraries and the book-shops the call is constant for later writings on the remarkable career of this many-sided man. The supply of literature on the subject is quite equal to the demand, for Doctor Franklin, in his growth from a humble beginning to one of the most highly-honored and best-beloved characters of two continents, provided material which made him the darling of biographers and historians.

Two hundred years ago, in the city of Boston, a son was welcomed to the

family circle of Josiah Franklin, "tallow-chandler and sope-boiler." Although Benjamin was the fifteenth child to bless this home there is no reason to believe that his coming was not fraught with as much pleasure as the advent of his older brothers and sisters. Two more children followed Benjamin, but of this large family only one was to receive the applause of the world which the proud parents probably hoped each would win.

The leader in the man may easily be traced back to the boy. His companions naturally looked to Benjamin to take the initiative in all their sports and deviltries, and it is safe to say that he fought all the battles and played all the tricks of the typical boy. He was, however, at the same time, studious,



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From C. W. Peale's copy of the portrait by David Martin

and although his school-days were very limited he made the most of his opportunities.

In a large family in comparatively poor circumstances, it is easy to imagine that occupations for the boys was a subject of much thought and solicitude with the parents. In this case, Mrs. Franklin—a pious soul—planned and looked forward to the time when Benjamin should become a clergyman. The father thought of a number of trades for his son, and finally decided he should help him make candles.

When the would-be sailor was twelve years of age his brother James, a printer, found himself in need of an apprentice, and the lad was "bound out" to him until he should reach the age of twenty-one. While acquiring a proficiency in the "art preservative of all arts," young Franklin also devoted much time to reading all the books that came in his way. Locke on "Human Understanding" and Xenophon's "Memorabilia" were devoured with the avidity some of the youths of to-day give to "Diamond Dick, the Avenger."



FRANKLIN FOUND BY DIOGENES
From an old French engraving

Benjamin had ideas of his own; *he* wanted to be a sailor. But

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.

About this time he was inspired, or, rather, thought he was inspired, to write poetry. These effusions, which he hawked about the streets of Boston,

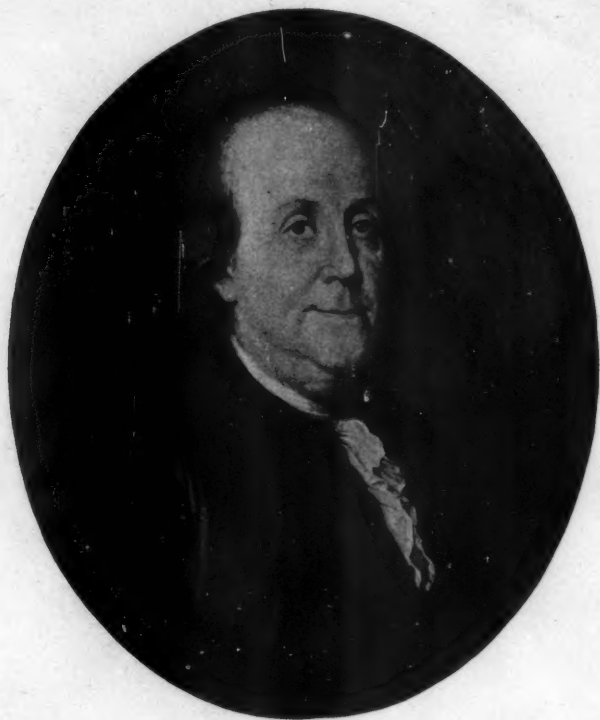


BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

From a painting by Mason Chamberlain, R. A.

he later acknowledged to be "wretched stuff, in the Grub-street ballad style," and added, "but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me that verse-makers were usu-

It is almost needless to add that James made it rather warm for his younger brother when the real author was discovered. In fact he made it warm for him for many real and fancied



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN IN 1779

From an oil painting in possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania

ally beggars; so I escaped being a poet."

He next turned his attention to writing short articles for publication in Brother James's paper, but evidently Brother James had a poor opinion of Benjamin's qualifications as a writer, for he summarily refused to print these articles. However, the young apprentice, by secretly passing anonymous literary productions under the office door, not only had the satisfaction of seeing them in print but also of hearing them commended by his brother and his brother's cronies, and ascribed to various prominent personages.

misdemeanors. Franklin himself says: "I fancy his harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with that aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life."

At any rate this treatment decided seventeen-year-old Benjamin Franklin to hie himself elsewhere. Accordingly, without asking "by your leave" of his master, he boarded a ship and soon found himself in New York, "without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket."

It did not take the youth long to

make a tour of the printing-offices in New York, nor longer to find that his services were not necessary to their welfare. A prospect of work in Philadelphia induced him to go thither, and the first picture we have of him there is when he bought, with a three-penny piece,

three great puffy rolls. . . . Having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance.

In fact Miss Deborah laughed at him. Probably she blushed and denied it when accused by Benjamin during the courtship which began a few months later, but after they "exchanged promises" perhaps she confessed and was forgiven.

In a remarkably short time, considering his youth, Franklin gained for himself many and influential friends in Pennsylvania. One of them, Governor Keith, was the cause of sending him on a wild-goose chase to England. Keith gave him the expectation that money would be furnished there to purchase supplies necessary for starting a print-shop in Philadelphia. However, the money did not materialize, and the young man made the best of the situation by working at his trade in London.

During the two years spent in England on this occasion, he appears to have enjoyed himself to the utmost, and without giving much thought to the choice of his pleasures. Therefore into this period of his life crept considerable "errata," as he called his questionable actions. On the return voyage to America, however, he evidently found some difficulty in satisfying his conscience, for he formed a set of rules as a guide for his future conduct through life, and committed them to memory. A long sea voyage is frequently prescribed for the benefit of one's health. Perhaps it is also a good thing for one's morals.

Meanwhile, Miss Read, who had received but two letters from him during his absence, doubtless came to the conclusion that Franklin was a fickle lover, for on his return to Philadelphia he found that she had married a potter named Rogers. Biographers endeavor to excuse her by claiming this marriage was greatly forwarded by Mrs. Read, who did not take much stock in the absent Benjamin and his promises. If this is the truth, she soon had reason to regret her interference, for in a short time Mrs. Rogers went "home to mother" and her husband disappeared from the scene forever. What became of him is not exactly known, but a rumor of his death reached Philadelphia, and this was enough to determine Franklin and his former sweetheart to carry out their original plan, and they were accordingly married.

At this time Franklin was working at his trade in the printing-office of Samuel Keimer, but he soon decided to start a newspaper. Keimer, hearing of the plan, immediately set to work to publish one himself and thus circumvent his rival. Telling of this transaction in his "Autobiography," Franklin says that "after carrying it on for three-quarters of a year, with at most only ninety subscribers, he [Keimer] offered it to me for a trifle; and I, having been ready some time to go on with it, took it in hand directly; and it prov'd in a few years extremely profitable to me."

To many people Franklin is perhaps best known through the sayings of "Poor Richard" and, as a humorous after-dinner speaker recently said, as the "inventor of lightning." *Poor Richard's Almanac* first appeared in 1732, and was continued by Franklin for nearly twenty-five years. About ten thousand copies, a remarkable number for that time, were sold annually. We glean something of Franklin's purpose in publishing this almanac from his own words:

Observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought

scarcely any other books; I therefore filled all the little spaces that occur'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality, as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright*.

Through his writings in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* and short tracts on many subjects, Franklin soon became widely known as a profound thinker and as the advocate of new ideas for the welfare of his fellow-citizens. It was largely through his efforts that America's first public library was created in Philadelphia in 1731. In 1736 he organized the "Union Fire Company," Philadelphia's first fire department. In 1744 the American Philosophical Society was established, the outgrowth of a small club he had formed. In 1749 he organized a board of trustees and raised \$2000 by subscription for the establishment of an academy. From this "Academy and Charitable School" we have the University of Pennsylvania of to-day. No new undertaking of a local nature was ever started without first enlisting Franklin's counsel and activities.

This man possessed a remarkable genius for bringing others to his way of thinking. His arguments were the embodiment of pure common-sense. By a most simple yet thorough process he dissected knotty problems and presented them anew in a light easily understood by all. This admirable system of philosophy was greatly enhanced by his humble manner in the advocacy of his opinions:

I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbid myself . . . the use of every word or expression in the language that imported a fix'd opinion, such as *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, etc., and I adopted instead of them, *I conceive*, *I apprehend*, or *I imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it so appears to me at present. . . . I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engag'd in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I propos'd my opinions procur'd them a readier recep-

tion and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

During this period, and in the spare moments of the busy years which followed, Franklin's keen and logical mind was occupied with various scientific questions and in conducting experiments to prove his theories. It was in 1749 that his greatest discovery was made—that lightning is electricity. When the learned Royal Society of London heard of these simple kite-flying experiments it ridiculed both the theory and its originator. However, Franklin later had the satisfaction of being elected an honorary member of this society and full amends were made for its former treatment of him.

It was not to be expected that a man of Franklin's character and abilities would be overlooked by his fellow-citizens in their choice of public servants. From 1736, when he was elected clerk of the General Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, until 1787, when he was a member of the Convention called to frame a Constitution for the new confederacy of the United States of America, he was constantly in the public service. During this period of over fifty years he served in many capacities both at home and abroad, his attainments winning respect for him in whatever position he found himself. His political rise and the growing confidence of the people is clearly shown in the varied character and increasing importance of his employments.

For ten years he was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. In 1737 he was appointed Deputy Postmaster-General for the Colonies of America. In 1757 he was sent to England in the interest of the colonies. He was occupied for five years on this mission, and during this time made many friends, among them such men as Adam Smith, Hume, and Robertson.

In 1764 Franklin was again sent to England to present a petition for a change of government for Pennsylvania

Great faithful and beloved Friends and Ally

The Principles of Equality and Reciprocity on which you have entered into Treaties with us, give you an additional Security for that good Faith with which we shall observe them from motives of Honor and of Affection to Your Majesty.

The distinguished part you have taken in the support of the Liberties and Independences of these States cannot but inspire them with the most ardent wishes for the Interest and the glory of France.

We have nominated Benjamin Franklin to reside at your Court, in quality of our Minister Plenipotentiary, that he may give you more particular assurances of the grateful Sentiments which you have excited in us and in each of the United States. We beseech you to give entire Credit to every thing which he shall deliver on our Part, especially when he shall assure you of the Permanency of our Friendship and we pray God that he will keep Your Majesty our great faithful and beloved Friends and Ally in his most holy Protection.

Done at Philadelphia the twenty first day of October 1773

By the Congress of the United States of North America your good Friends and Allies

John Hancock
President

Attest: Cha^s Thomson Secy.

To
Our Great faithful and beloved Friends and Ally
Louis the Sixteenth King of France and Navarre

and to look after the interests of that province. Matters of grave importance continually arising, a supposed short visit extended to ten years. The heroic efforts he exerted during this period to avert the impending conflict between the colonies and the mother country were of no avail.

The morning after his return to America he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was then made one of a committee of three to journey to Canada, where an unsuccessful attempt was made to persuade the Canadians to join the new union. On his return, he was one of the committee of five to whom the duty of drawing up the Declaration of Independence was assigned.

In September, 1776, with John Adams and Arthur Lee, he was sent to France to solicit the aid of Louis XVI. At this time Dr. Franklin (for honorary degrees had long since been conferred upon him by several universities) was seventy years old and not in the best of health. On mentioning to his friend, Dr. Cooper, of Boston, that he had been ordered to France, he observed that the public, having eaten of his flesh, now seemed resolved to pick his bones. "Ah," replied his friend, "I approve their taste, for the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat."

This, in truth, seems to have been the case, for the most important work of Benjamin Franklin's life was accomplished during the nine years he remained in France. At the time of his arrival his writings on scientific subjects and his public services had made him one of the best known men in the world. He was a member of every important scientific and literary society in Europe, and immediately found himself much sought after by the foremost men of the country. He also became the popular idol of the French people: engravings of his venerable face were hung in shop windows, snuff-boxes were embellished with his likeness, and numerous medallions were struck off in his honor.

A good story is told at the expense of his knowledge of the French language. It appears that he could read

French very well, but found some difficulty in writing or speaking it, or in following a lengthy address. At a session of the French Academy of Sciences, finding it somewhat difficult to follow the exercises, yet not wishing to seem less appreciative than the rest of the audience, he said he would applaud every time he saw Madame de Boufflers give signs of approbation. It thus happened that he applauded loudest at his own praises.

But he was in France on the business of his country, and did not neglect it. He aroused an immense enthusiasm for the cause of the struggling American colonies, then at war with one of the most powerful nations of the world, and convinced the French government that it was to its own best interest to give aid.

In 1778 he was commissioned sole plenipotentiary at the French Court by the American Congress. France at this time was having troubles of her own. She not only had a war on her hands, but was nearly bankrupt. Yet Dr. Franklin, through his mastery of the art of diplomacy, borrowed no less than twenty-six million francs from that country to help carry on the war against England.

In 1781 Franklin asked Congress to accept his resignation, as his infirmities were increasing. Instead of doing this, Congress sent him a commission, jointly with John Adams and John Jay, to negotiate peace with England.

During his stay in France he was applied to for aid by an American in financial distress. The applicant was apparently known to the Minister as an honest man. On sending him a sum of money sufficient for his immediate wants, Franklin stipulated that the money was not to be returned, but that (after the applicant should again be financially established) a like sum should be given to the first deserving person who might apply for assistance, imposing a like stipulation in turn. In this manner he thought a little charity might go a long way, and hoped "it might pass through many hands before reaching a knave that would stop its progress."

Soon after his return to America, in 1785, he was elected President of Pennsylvania, with but one dissenting vote besides his own (his own being cast "as a matter of modesty"), and was afterwards twice unanimously re-elected.

M. T. CICERO's
CATO MAJOR,
 OR HIS
 DISCOURSE
 OF
OLD-AGE

With Explanatory NOTES.



PHILADELPHIA:

Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN,
 MDCCXLIV.

After retiring from the public service, the remaining two years of Dr. Franklin's life were by no means idle ones, although most of the time was passed in intense pain. Writing to his niece in November, 1788, he says, in speaking of his health:

When I consider how many more terrible maladies the human body is liable to, I think myself well off that I have only three incurable ones, the gout, the stone, and old age: and these notwithstanding, I enjoy many comfortable intervals, in which I forget my ills and amuse myself in reading

or writing, or in conversation with friends, joking, laughing, and telling merry stories, as when you first knew me, a young man about fifty.

During these last years he interested himself in local affairs and wrote on various scientific subjects. It has been regretted by many that he did not devote more of his time to his "Autobiography," which had been commenced long before, but which, unfortunately, was brought down only to the year 1757. In this book we learn much of the influences and events which helped to shape his character. It is written in a simple and charming vein, and the lessons he draws therein for our guidance makes its reading as full of profit as pleasure. He does not preach sermons, but writes in a common-sense, yet jovial, way, and keeps us good-natured while pointing out our faults.

On the 17th of April, 1790, then in his eighty-fifth year, this great and good man passed to the land of his fathers; but his works and worth will ever remain with us.

Admire Benjamin Franklin's genius and abilities as we may, it is as a *man* he must appeal to us in the strongest sense. The letters written by him to his friends show him at his best. They are filled with wit and wisdom, love and sympathy, advice and encouragement; he is happy when his friends meet with success, or sincerely sorrowful when misfortune overtakes them.

To follow his steps in their devious course is to learn a great lesson in industry, frugality, honesty, patriotism, and charity. Nothing undertaken by Dr. Franklin was carried on in a perfunctory manner. All his thought and all his genius was enlisted to gain a complete mastery, to the most minute detail, of the subject before him. The result of this labor, study, and genius, and the practical application of it for the benefit of his country and of mankind, entitle him to all the honor we can bestow.

Benjamin Franklin*

By JOSEPH H. CHOATE

EDUCATION is now in all civilized countries the question of the hour, and the unsolved problems of secondary, technical, and university education are engaging universal attention. As a diversion from this general discussion, it may not be uninteresting to study the lives of those great and rare men who, without any of these extraneous aids, achieve undying fame and confer priceless blessings on mankind. For them schools, colleges, and universities are of little account, and are not required for their development. The world is their school, and necessity is often their only teacher, but their lives are the world's treasures. It is in this view that I ask your attention for a brief hour to the life, character, and achievements of Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia.

His whole career has been summed up by the great French statesman who was one of his personal friends and correspondents in six words, Latin words of course:

"Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis," which, unfortunately for our language, cannot be translated into English in less than twelve:

"He snatched the lightning from the skies, and the sceptre from tyrants."

Surely the briefest and most brilliant biography ever written. He enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge by discovering laws and facts of Nature unknown before, and applying them to the use and service of man, and that entitles him to lasting fame. But his other service to mankind differed from this only in kind, and was quite equal in degree. For he stands second only to Washington in the list of heroic patriots who on both sides of the Atlantic stood for those fundamental principles of English liberty, which culminated in the independence of the United States, and have ever since been shared

by the English-speaking race the world over.

You must all be familiar with the principal facts in Franklin's life. He was born a British subject at Boston, in Massachusetts, then a village of about 12,000 inhabitants, in 1706, the year in which Marlborough won the battle of Ramillies and made every New Englander very proud of being a subject of Queen Anne. He was the fifteenth child in a family of seventeen, a rate of multiplication enough to frighten the life out of Malthus, and more than sufficient to satisfy the extreme demands of President Roosevelt. His father, born at Ecton in Northamptonshire, came of that ancient and sturdy Saxon yeomanry which has done so much for the making of England. Having followed the trade of a dyer for some years at Banbury, he emigrated in 1685 to Boston, where, finding little encouragement for his old trade, he engaged in the business of tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. The boy could never remember when he learned to read and write, and at eight years old he was sent to the Boston Grammar School, one of those free common schools then and ever since the pride of the Colony and the State. But in two years, at the age of ten, his school days were over forever. His father finding that with the heavy burden of his great family he could afford him no more education, took the child home to assist in his business, and the next two years the future philosopher and diplomatist spent in cutting candle wicks, filling moulds, tending the shop, and running errands.

That he highly valued the little schooling that he had, meagre as it must have been, appears from his last will made sixty-two years afterwards, in which he says that he owed his first instruction in literature to the free grammar schools of his native town of Boston, and leaves to the town one hundred pounds sterling, the annual

* Inaugural Address of Joseph H. Choate, American Ambassador, October 23, 1903, as President of the Birmingham and Midland Institute. Published in full here for the first time. By permission of Mr. Choate.

interest to be laid out in silver medals to be distributed as honorary rewards in those schools, and to this day the Franklin Medals are striven for and valued as the most honorable prize that a Boston boy can win.

But how did this particular boy, without an hour's tuition of any kind after he was ten years old, come to be the most famous American of his time, and win his place in the front rank of the world's scientists, diplomatists, statesmen, men of letters, and men of affairs? It was by sheer force of brains, character, severe self-discipline, untiring industry, and mother-wit. His predominant trait was practical common sense amounting to genius. God gave him the sound mind in the sound body, and he did the rest himself. He soon revolted at the vulgar duties of his father's business, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed till his majority to his elder brother, who was a printer and bookseller, and the publisher of the *New England Courant*, one of the earliest newspapers in the Colonies.

From this time forward the printing-office was his school and his university, and probably did more for him than Oxford or Harvard could then have done. With a raging thirst for knowledge he developed a keen and unflinching observation of things and of men, and, above all, a constant study of himself, of which he was a very rare example. He denied himself every pleasure but reading, and robbed his body of food and sleep that he might find time and food for his mind, reading every good book on which he could lay his hands. He soon mastered the art of printing as it was then known, and very early developed a faculty for the use of his pen which gave his brain a vent. He began with two ballads—"The Lighthouse Tragedy" and "Blackbeard the Pirate"—and hawked them about the town. The first, he says, sold wonderfully, but his father discouraged him by ridiculing his performances, and telling him verse makers were generally beggars, and "So," he says, "I escaped being a poet; most probably a very bad one."

So precocious was his literary faculty that very soon he began contributing leading articles to the *Courant*, and when he was sixteen, his brother having been placed under an interdict for criticising the authorities, he became himself the publisher and editor, and of course the circulation increased. But he was still only an apprentice, and his manly and independent spirit found it as hard to brook the indignities and blows to which his master, though he was his brother, subjected him, as he had found it before to ladle the tallow and fill the moulds in his father's shop, and so at seventeen he took to his heels, shook the dust of Boston from his feet, and ran away to Philadelphia.

He landed in the Quaker City with but one dollar in his pocket, and as he had often dined on bread, he bought three rolls, and marched up Market Street, his pockets stuffed with shirts and stockings, eating one roll and with another under each arm. His future wife saw him in this guise as he passed her father's door, and thought he presented a ridiculous appearance, as he certainly did. But he had thoroughly learned his trade, and soon found employment as a journeyman printer. He would have gone on very well had he not been sent to London by the Governor of the Province on a promise of business which totally failed. He found himself in that great city without a friend, and with little money in his pocket. But he soon found employment at good wages in the best printing offices at thirty shillings a week, lodged in Little Britain at three and sixpence, and so managed to keep his head above water for eighteen months, but lived an aimless and somewhat irregular life.

However, he worked hard at his trade, and made some ingenious acquaintances, among them Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, and Sir William Wyndham, once Chancellor of the Exchequer—the former by selling him a curiosity which he had brought from America; the latter by his skill in swimming, in which he had from boyhood been a great expert. His own account of this last acquaintance is not a little diverting. He

had visited Chelsea with a party of friends, and on the return by water was induced to give them an exhibition of his skill in this manly art. He swam all the way from Chelsea to Blackfriars, performing many feats of agility both upon and under water that surprised and pleased the spectators. Sir William, hearing of this, sent for him, and offered if he would teach his two sons to swim to set him up in that business, and so he might have spent his life in London as the head of a swimming-school, and never have lived to snatch the lightning from the clouds or the sceptre from tyrants, or to change the map of the world.

Before leaving London he accepted from a reputable merchant who was returning to Philadelphia an offer of a clerkship, and in a few months he learned much of the business, but was thrown out of it by the death of his employer, and by a terrible illness, from which he barely recovered. Referring to this illness he wrote his own epitaph, which, fortunately for the world, there was no occasion to use:

THE BODY
of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out

and stripped of its lettering and binding)

Lies here, food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,

For it will, as he believed, appear once more

In a new

And more beautiful Edition,

Corrected and Amended

By

The Author.

Soon after this illness he turned over a new leaf, with firm resolve to train himself for a successful and honorable life by the practice of every virtue. He returned to his old business of printing, which for twenty years he followed with the utmost diligence, and became very prosperous.

About this time he conceived the bold and arduous project of arriving at moral perfection, and rigidly schooled himself in the virtues of temperance,

order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, moderation, and cleanliness. By constant reading, study, and observation he made the very best of the great mental capacity with which he had been endowed by Nature. He set to work deliberately and with conscientious fidelity to improve to the best advantage all his faculties, not for his own good and happiness only, but for the benefit of the community to which he belonged. From an odd volume of the *Spectator* which fell into his hands he modelled his style, training himself more rigorously than any school could have trained him, and thus acquired very early in life that power of clear and lucid expression which made all his subsequent writings so effective.

A brilliant modern writer, Hugh Black, has said that

culture is the conscious training in which a man makes use of every educational means within his reach, feeding his inner life by every vital force in history and experience, and so adjusting himself to his environment that he shall absorb the best products of the life of his time, thus making his personality rich and deep.

It was this self-culture that Franklin sought to attain, and he never lost sight of his object. Self-control, once achieved, enabled him in large measure to control others. No wonder, then, that in Philadelphia, at that time already a large city, he not only rapidly achieved success in his business, but became before long a marked figure in Pennsylvania and throughout the thirteen Colonies. He never wasted time, and so time never wasted him, and at the age of forty-two he was able to withdraw from the active management of his business, and to devote himself to public affairs and to scientific studies in which his soul delighted.

In the meantime, and always in the way of business, he had engaged in two literary ventures, which at the same time exercised his active brains, and extended his reputation very widely. He purchased the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, when it was on the verge of ruin and collapse, and it became under his editorship the best newspaper in America, and by means of it he exercised vast

power and influence throughout the Colonies. And *Poor Richard's Almanac*, which he started when he was twenty-six years old, and continued to publish for twenty-five years, proved to be a splendid vehicle for the exercise of his wonderful common sense, lively wit, and keen interest in all sorts of affairs. He was very human, and nothing human escaped his searching interest. It was an almanac designed for the general diffusion of knowledge among the people. Where there were few or no books, it found its way with the Bible into every household in the land. Every number was full of worldly wisdom, proverbial philosophy, inculcating the practice of all the homely virtues, such as honesty, frugality, industry, temperance, and thrift as the sure guides to success and happiness, and with all this a generous sprinkling of the liveliest wit and fun. Its circulation rapidly multiplied, and *Poor Richard*, as a pseudonym of Benjamin Franklin, made him and his personal traits, which it so fitly displayed, familiar in every household, and the influence which he wielded by it was simply unbounded.

In later years he published "Father Abraham's Speech," which was a comprehensive summing up of all *Poor Richard's* good things, ransacking all literature for proverbs of wit and wisdom and inventing many of his own, touching the conduct of life at all points, so far as utility and worldly advantage are concerned. The world greedily seized it and still cherishes it, for it may now be read, not in English only, but in French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, Bohemian, Modern Greek, Gaelic, and Portuguese. Under the title "*Science du Bonhomme Richard*" it has been thirty times printed in French and twice in Italian, and as "*The Way to Wealth*" twenty-seven times in English in pamphlet form, and innumerable times as a broadside. It is by far the most famous piece the Colonies ever produced. No wonder, for if any man would follow its precepts as faithfully as Franklin did himself, he was sure to become healthy, wealthy, and wise. A cheer-

ful temperament that was worth millions, and irresistible good humor, pervaded all he wrote. Sydney Smith, another example of the same traits, by way of playful menace, said to his daughter: "I will disinherit you, if you do not admire everything written by Franklin."

From the time that his circumstances permitted him to do anything but work solely for daily bread, Franklin manifested and cultivated a constant interest in public affairs, and his unerring instinct for public service was as keen as if he had been specially trained to that end at Oxford or at Cambridge. His fellow-citizens, recognizing his capacity and efficiency, eagerly availed themselves of his leadership in every public movement. Thus he became the founder or promoter of the first debating society for mutual culture and improvement in Philadelphia, the first subscription library, the first fire club, of the American Philosophical Society, and of what finally became the University of Pennsylvania, which still holds a deservedly high rank among institutions of learning. Under his inspiring lead Philadelphia became better lighted, better paved, better policed, and better read than any other city on the continent. As Clerk, and for many years a Member of the Assembly, Postmaster of Philadelphia, and Deputy Postmaster-General for the Continent, he rendered great service, and came to know the affairs of his own and the other Colonies, and thus became known himself better than any other man in the land.

In 1754 he was the leading spirit in the Convention held at Albany, to form a plan for the common defence of the Colonies and the Empire against the French and Indians. It was Franklin who devised the broad and comprehensive scheme which the Convention adopted, many features of which subsequently appeared in the Constitution of the United States. But it was rejected by the Colonies because it gave too much power to the Crown, and by the British Government because it gave too much power to the Colonies—a sure proof of that wise moderation which

always characterized its author. In the following year he rendered great services to General Braddock, who had entered on his ill-fated expedition for the capture of Fort Duquesne without proper supplies or means of transportation, and after his calamitous defeat Franklin actually took the field with a considerable military force, and commanded on the frontier, building stockades and forts, and protecting the panic-stricken Colonists from the threatened onset of the enemy.

Carlyle thus describes Franklin's services to Braddock:

About New Year's Day, 1755, Braddock with his two regiments and completed apparatus got to sea; arrived 20th February at Williamsburg, Virginia; found now that this was not the place to arrive at; that he would lose six weeks of marching by not having landed in Pennsylvania instead; found that his stores had been mispacked at Cork; that this had happened and also that—and, in short, found that chaos had been very considerably prevalent in this adventure of his, and did still in all that now lay round it prevail. Poor Braddock took the Colonial militia regiments; Colonel Washington, as aide-de-camp, took the Indians and appendages, Colonel Chaos much presiding; and, after infinite delays and confused haggling, got on march—2,000 regulars, and of all sorts say 4,000 strong.

Got on march, sprawled and haggled up the Alleghanies—such a commissariat, such a wagon service as was seldom seen before. Poor General and Army, he was like to be starved outright at one time, had not a certain Mr. Franklin come to him with charitable oxen with £500 worth provisions, live and dead, subscribed for at Philadelphia. Mr. Benjamin Franklin, since celebrated over all the world, who did not much admire this iron-tempered general with the pipe-clay brain.

Thus by the time he reached middle life, Franklin had become the best known and most important man in the Colonies; but with all his varied work he had never lost sight of science and its practical application to the service of man, which was really his first love. His vast reading had made him a living encyclopædia, and he had managed to acquire some knowledge of French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin, which then and afterwards stood him in great stead. His inventive genius was called

into constant play, and he made from time to time many new and useful inventions, for no one of which would he ever take a patent or any personal advantage to himself, for he said that, as we enjoy great advantages from the inventions of others, we should be glad to give the world the benefit of our own.

But his discoveries and inventions finally culminated in his studies and experiments in electricity, and their startling and marvellous result made him as famous in all other countries as he already was in his own, and placed him in the very front rank of living men. The story of Franklin and his kite drawing the lightning from the clouds, and making positive practical proof of its identity with electricity, had been too often told to need to be repeated here. It was no lucky accident. It was seven years since the Leyden Jar, the first storage battery of electricity, was made, and during the whole interval Franklin and all the other scientists in the world interested in the subject had been studying and experimenting to find out what this mysterious substance was. He had been writing from 1747 to 1751 the results of his investigations to his friend Collinson in London, by whom they were read at the Royal Society, at first, as he says, only to be ignored or laughed at.

In May, 1751, came Franklin's masterly but very modest paper declaring the identity of electricity and lightning, and suggesting how by pointed iron electricity might be actually drawn from a storm cloud, and buildings and ships protected from its danger. It was soon translated into French, German, and Latin, had great sales, and made a tremendous sensation. But Franklin's fame reached the highest point when D'Alibard, a French philosopher, following the suggestions in his pamphlet, constructed an apparatus exactly as Franklin had directed, and made actual demonstration of the truth of his theory, a month before the great discoverer himself flew his kite in his garden in Philadelphia.

Franklin took the universal applause that followed as quietly and modestly

as he had put forth his suggestions. It was all fun to him from the beginning. Dr. Priestley says that at the close of the first summer of his experiments, when it grew too hot to continue them, the Philosopher had a party on the banks of the Schuylkill, at which spirits were first fired by a spark sent from side to side through the river, without any other conductor than the water, a turkey was killed for their dinner by the electrical shock, and roasted by the electrical jack, before a fire kindled by the electrified bottle, when the health of all the famous electricians in England, Holland, France, and Germany was drunk in electrified bumpers, under a discharge of guns from the electrical battery. Honors and distinctions now crowded upon him: the Royal Society, as if to make quick amends for its previous neglect, by a unanimous vote made him a member, exempting him from the payment of all dues, and the next year with every circumstance of distinction awarded him the Copley Medal, and Yale and Harvard conferred their honorary degrees upon him.

However much the people of Pennsylvania appreciated and enjoyed his growing fame, they were not willing to give him up to science, but enlisted his services and insisted upon his leadership in every great political question. When the dispute between the Penns as Proprietors and the people of Pennsylvania, on the claim of the former that their estates should be exempt from taxation, reached a crisis in 1756, the Provincial Assembly decided to appeal to the King in Council for a redress of their grievances, and who but Franklin should go to represent them?

This vexatious business, finally ending in a compromise which was on the whole satisfactory to his constituents, detained him in England for upwards of five years—from the summer of 1757 till 1762. Times and the man had changed since the stranded journeyman printer took lodgings in Little Britain at three and sixpence a week, and won his chief distinction by swimming in the Thames from Chelsea to the City.

The houses of the great were now thrown wide open to him, and the

modest house in Craven Street, where he took up his residence, and which is still marked by a tablet to commemorate the fact as one of the notable reminiscences of London, was thronged by great scientists to congratulate him on his triumphs, and to witness at his own hands his scientific experiments. Congratulatory letters reached him from all parts of Europe. He made the acquaintance and friendship of such men as Priestley, Fothergill, Garrick, Lord Shelburne, Lord Stanhope, Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, and David Hume, Dr. Robertson, Lord Kames, and David Hartley, with all of whom he enjoyed delightful intercourse. He witnessed the coronation of George the Third, and revelled in the meetings of the Royal Society, where his welcome was very warm. Pitt, who had vastly weightier things upon his mind than Franklin's errand—Pitt, who afterwards as Lord Chatham was, as we shall see, one of his staunchest friends and admirers, he found inaccessible.

At this time Franklin was a most intensely loyal British subject, and gloried in the anticipation of the future greatness and power of the British Empire, of which the Colonies formed no mean part. In this respect, the Colonists whom he represented were all of the same mind. Green, in his "History of the English People," says of them at this time:

From the thought of separation almost every American turned as yet with horror. The Colonists still looked to England as their home. They prided themselves on their loyalty, and they regarded the difficulties which hindered complete sympathy between the settlements and the mother country as obstacles which time and good sense could remove.

He freely lent the aid of his powerful pen while in England to the maintenance of British interests. In his pamphlet, to which great praise was awarded, on the question whether Canada or the sugar islands of Guadeloupe, both of which had been conquered, should be restored to France in the event of peace, and in which he stoutly maintained the retention of Canada, he declared that a union of the

Colonies to rebel against the mother country was impossible.

But [he added] when I say such a union is impossible, I mean without the most grievous tyranny and oppression. People who have property in a country which they may lose, and privileges which they may endanger, are generally disposed to be quiet, and even to bear much rather than to hazard all. While the Government is mild and just, while important civil and religious rights are secure, such subjects will be dutiful and obedient. The waves do not rise but when the winds blow. What such an administration as the Duke of Alva's in the Netherlands might produce I know not, but this I think I have a right to deem impossible.

When Mr. Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, a stalwart friend of America through all her troubles, said to him, "For all that you Americans say of your loyalty and all that, I know that you will one day throw off your dependence on this country, and notwithstanding your boasted affection for it, you will set up for independence." He answered: "No such idea was ever entertained by the Americans, nor will any such ever enter their heads unless you grossly abuse them." "Very true," replied Pratt, "that is one of the main causes I see will happen, and will produce the event."

But Franklin was more than a staunch loyalist. He was an Imperialist in the most stalwart sense of the word, and on a very broad gauge. His biographer, Parton, truly says:

It was one of Franklin's most cherished opinions that the greatness of England and the happiness of America depended chiefly upon their being cordially united. The "country" which Franklin loved was not England nor America, but the great and glorious Empire which these two united to form.

And Franklin himself wrote to Lord Kames on this visit:

No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada, and this is not merely as I am a Colonist but as I am a Briton. I have long been of opinion that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever yet erected. I

am, therefore, by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people. Britain itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic Sea will be covered with your trading ships, and your naval power thence continually increasing will extend your influence round the whole globe and awe the world.

Again he wrote, in 1774:

It has long appeared to me that the only true British policy was that which aimed at the good of the whole British Empire, not that which sought the advantage of one part in the disadvantage of the others; therefore, all measures of procuring gain to the Mother Country arising from loss to her Colonies, and all of gain to the Colonies arising from or occasioning loss to Britain, especially where the gain was small and the loss great . . . I in my own mind condemned as improper, partial, unjust, and mischievous, tending to create dissensions, and weaken that Union on which the strength, solidity, and duration of the Empire greatly depended; and I opposed, as far as my little powers went, all proceedings, either here or in America, that in my opinion had such tendency.

This first protracted stay in England was evidently one of the happiest periods of his long and useful life. For the first time he enjoyed abundant leisure, and the opportunity to indulge to the full among congenial and sympathetic friends his joyous social disposition and love of the best company. He made many delightful country visits, and excursions to Scotland, France, and Holland, and greatly enjoyed the recognition he received in the degrees of LL.D. at Edinburgh, and D.C.L. at Oxford. He sought out the humble birthplace of his father at Ecton, and worshipped in the ancient church around which his rude forefathers slept. In 1762 he returned to America with regret, apparently almost wishing to come back and spend the rest of his days there. For not long after his return he wrote to Mr. Strahan, one of the friends he left behind him: "No friend can wish me more in England than I do myself. But before I go, everything I am concerned in must be so settled here as to make another return to America unnecessary"; and again: "I own that I sometimes

suspect my love to England and my friends there seduces me a little, and makes my own reasons for going over appear very good ones."

So there was at least a possibility that he might become a resident of England for the rest of his life, and thus the wheels of Time might have been set back awhile, in fixing the date of the final separation of the American Colonies from Great Britain, which sooner or later was obviously inevitable.

But, wholly unexpectedly to himself, Franklin was destined to spend ten years more in England, years equally momentous to himself, to the Colonies which he represented, and to the Mother Country of which he was so loyal and devoted a son.

Hardly had he reached Philadelphia on his return from his five years' sojourn in England, when there was a new outbreak of the old trouble between the people of the province and the Penns as Proprietaries of Pennsylvania as to their claim to exemption of their property from taxation. Worse still, the ominous news came from London that George Grenville had determined upon the passage of the dreaded Stamp Act, and thereby to impose taxes upon the Colonies by Act of Parliament, in defiance of what they claimed as their immemorial right and usage to pay only such internal taxes as their own provincial governments should impose. They did not dispute or seek to shirk their obligations to grant aid to the King, and make their just contribution to the common cause, but insisted upon their right to do it in what they claimed to be the only constitutional way, by the vote of their own representatives, and that taxation without representation—without their consent—was an injustice to which they would not submit.

No sooner did these dismal tidings reach Pennsylvania, than Franklin was again dispatched to London to do the best he could to prevent the disastrous measure. And what was now of much less importance, to present to the King the petition of the people of Pennsylvania, that he would take the government of that Province into his own

hands, they making such compensation to the Penns as should be just. But of course the question of the injustice of taxation without representation and contrary to ancient usage, which affected all the Colonies alike, swallowed up all local issues. Franklin arrived only in time to find that the immediate passage of the odious measure was inevitable. He joined with the agents of the other Colonies in an appeal to Grenville, but all their efforts were fruitless. "We might," said Franklin, "as well have hindered the sun's setting. Less resistance was made to the Act in the House of Commons than to a common turnpike Bill, and the affair passed with so little noise that in town they scarcely knew the nature of what was doing."

Having done all that he could to prevent the passage of the Act, Franklin was inclined to counsel submission. But public opinion in the Colonies was obstinate, and by unanimous action they refused to obey it, or to take the stamped paper on any terms. To the great disgust of his constituents, by whom he was denounced as a traitor, he went so far, at the request of the Government, as to nominate a stamp distributor under the Act for Pennsylvania. But he and all the other officials under the Act were compelled by the anger of the Colonists to decline or resign. Agreements were signed everywhere not to buy any British goods imported, and English trade fell off to such a degree that the new Administration under Lord Rockingham, who had opposed the Act, very quickly considered its repeal.

One of the most celebrated incidents of Franklin's career was his examination by a Committee of the House of Commons, which was considering the question of repeal. He was summoned before it to give evidence respecting the state of affairs in America—a subject on which he was better informed than any other man in the world.

Without passion, with perfect coolness and absolute knowledge, he demonstrated that the Act was unjust, inexpedient, and impossible of execution, and gave convincing proof that it

should be immediately repealed. His testimony is one of the most memorable pieces of evidence in the English language, and some of his answers can never be forgotten. Being asked what was the temper of America towards Great Britain before 1763—it will be remembered that the Stamp Act was passed in 1765—he said:

The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the Government of the Crown, and paid in their Courts obedience to the Acts of Parliament. They had not only a respect but an affection for Great Britain, for its laws, its customs, and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with partial regard. To be an Old England Man was of itself a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us. . . . They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary Ministers, they thought, might possibly at times attempt to oppress them, but they relied on it that Parliament on application would always give redress.

Q. Can anything less than a military force carry the Stamp Act into execution?

A. I do not see how a military force can be applied to that purpose.

Q. Why may it not?

A. Suppose a military force sent into America, they will find nobody in arms. What are they then to do? They cannot force a man to take stamps who chooses to do without them. They will not find a rebellion; they may indeed make one.

Q. If the Act is not repealed, what do you think will be the consequences?

A. A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this Country, and of all the commerce that depends on that respect and affection.

Q. If the Stamp Act should be repealed, and the Crown should make a requisition upon the Colonies for a sum of money would they grant it?

A. I believe they would.

Q. Why do you think so?

A. I can speak for the Colony I live in. I had it in instruction from the Assembly to assure the Ministry, that as they had always done, so they should always think it their duty to grant such aids to the Crown as were suitable to their circumstances and abilities, whenever called upon for that purpose in the usual constitutional manner.

Q. Would they do this for a British concern, as suppose a war in some part of Europe that did not affect them?

A. Yes, for anything that concerned the general interest. They consider themselves a part of the whole.

Q. Don't you know that there is in the Pennsylvania Charter an express reservation of the right of Parliament to lay taxes there?

A. I know there is a clause in the Charter by which the King grants that he will levy no taxes on the inhabitants unless it be with the consent of the Assembly or by Act of Parliament.

Q. How then could the Assembly of Pennsylvania assert that laying a tax on them by the Stamp Act was an infringement of their right?

A. They understand it thus—By the same Charter and otherwise, *they are entitled to all the privileges and liberties of Englishmen*. They find in the Great Charters and the Petition and Declaration of Rights that one of the privileges of English subjects is that they are not to be taxed but by their common consent. They have, therefore, relied upon it from the first settlement of the Province that the Parliament never would, nor could, by color of that clause in the Charter, assume a right of taxing them till it had qualified itself by admitting representatives from the people to be taxed, who ought to make a part of that common consent.

So clear, convincing, and irresistible was Franklin's testimony, that the repeal of the Stamp Act followed immediately. His evidence before the Committee closed on the 13th of February. On the 21st, General Conway moved for leave to introduce in the House of Commons a Bill to Repeal—which was carried. The bill took its third reading in that House on the 5th of March. It passed the House of Lords on the 17th, and on the 18th of March, only five weeks after Franklin had been heard, the King signed the Bill.

The debates on that critical occasion, which promised for the moment to reconcile England and her Colonies forever, have been but scantily reported, but Pitt, in support of the repeal, in one of his last speeches as the Great Commoner, is said to have surpassed his own great fame; and Burke's renowned as a Parliamentary orator was established. Macaulay says:

Two great orators and statesmen belonging to two different generations repeatedly put forth all their powers in defence of the Bill [for repeal]. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which

of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn.

Franklin's own personal way of celebrating the joyous event of the Repeal of the Stamp Act was peculiarly characteristic of that spirit of fun and good humor which pervaded his whole life. He made it the occasion of sending a new gown to his wife. He wrote her:

As the Stamp Act is at length repealed, I am willing you should have a new gown, which you may suppose I did not send sooner, as I knew you would not like to be finer than your neighbors unless in a gown of your own spinning. Had the trade between the two countries totally ceased, it was a comfort to me to recollect, that I had once been clothed from head to foot in woollen and linen of my wife's manufacture, that I never was prouder of any dress in my life, and that she and her daughter might do it again if it was necessary. I told the Parliament, that it was my opinion, before the old clothes of the Americans were worn out, they might have new ones of their own making. I have sent you a fine piece of Pompadour satin, fourteen yards, cost eleven shillings a yard, a silk negligée and petticoat of brocaded lute-string for my dear Sally, with two dozen gloves, four bottles of lavender water, and two little reels. The reels are to screw on the edge of the table when she would wind silk or thread.

The repeal, following so closely as it did on the close of Franklin's examination as its necessary sequence, raised to a very high point his reputation in England, where he already commanded universal respect and esteem, and roused the Colonies to the wildest enthusiasm over his name. His constituents in Philadelphia, quite ashamed of their recent criticism upon him, gave him the whole credit of the great result.

Everybody on both sides of the water, except the King and the "household troops," as Burke called them, hoped with him that "that day's danger and honor would have been a bond to hold us all together for ever. But alas! that, with other pleasing visions, is long since vanished."

The attempt to impose taxation by Act of Parliament on the Colonies was almost immediately renewed, and ushered in that long and unhappy controversy which finally resulted in the accumulation of oppressive measures on

the one side, and acts of resistance on the other, that brought the Colonists to an appeal to arms in defence of what they deemed to be their rights and liberties.

We will not undertake to rake over the ashes of the memorable contest, to measure out praise or blame to one side or the other.

Historians are now happily agreed that the leaders on both sides in the great struggle were actuated by honest intentions and patriotic motives. It was impossible for them to see in the same light the great questions of right and of policy which divided them, and which nothing but the final separation of the Colonies from the Crown could solve.

It might be claimed with some show of reason that, at the outset at least, it was not a contest between the English people and the American people, but between the King with a submissive Ministry and Parliament here and his subjects beyond the sea, and that a great part of the English people had very little to do with it. If we may accept the statements of your own most approved historians, large portions of the English people were no more represented in the Parliament than the Colonists themselves.

I may be permitted to quote once more in this connection from Green's "History of the English People." He is speaking of Parliament between 1760 and 1767, the very time we have been considering:

Great towns like Manchester and Birmingham remained without a member, while members still sat for boroughs which, like Old Sarum, had actually vanished from the face of the earth. . . . Some boroughs were "the King's boroughs," others obediently returned nominees of the Ministry of the day, others were "close boroughs" in the hands of jobbers like the Duke of Newcastle, who at one time returned a third of all the borough members in the House. . . . Even in the counties the suffrage was ridiculously limited and unequal. Out of a population of eight millions of English people, only a hundred and sixty thousand were electors at all!

What would be thought to-day of great questions of national policy being

decided by a House of Commons in which neither Birmingham nor Manchester had a representative, and in the election of whose members only one person out of fifty of the English people had a vote!

At any rate, we may, I think, exchange congratulations to-night, that with our great struggle the good people of Birmingham had literally nothing to do, and at least a considerable portion of the people of England hardly more.

But you get an idea of the vast difficulties with which Franklin, who gallantly remained at his post in London through all those weary years from 1766 to 1775, had to contend, as the representative of the United Colonies, for, besides Pennsylvania, he was presently made the agent of Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia.

His great powers [says John Fiske] were earnestly devoted to preventing a separation between England and America. His methods were eminently conciliatory, but the independence of character with which he told unwelcome truths made him an object of intense dislike to the King and his friends, who regarded him as aiming to undermine the Royal authority in America.

But it is not to be forgotten that Chat-ham, Burke, Fox, Barre, and Conway, all champions of the cause of the Colonists, were regarded in the same light by the same party.

And strange to say, down to this time Franklin had no suspicion that the obnoxious measures of the Ministry had their origin or chief backing in the Royal closet.

I hope nothing that has happened or may happen [he wrote in the spring of 1769] will diminish in the least our loyalty to our Sovereign, or affection for this nation in general. I can scarcely conceive a King of better dispositions, of more exemplary virtues, or more truly desirous of promoting the welfare of his subjects. The body of this people, too, is of a noble and generous nature, loving and honoring the spirit of liberty, and hating arbitrary power of all sorts. We have many, very many, friends among them.

No doubt, however, he did in the end incur the King's hearty displeasure; and a story that has long been

current would seem to indicate that the Royal mind at last opposed even his views on electricity, of which it might have been supposed that Franklin was himself king. The substance of Franklin's discovery was that sharp points of iron would draw electricity from the clouds, and he recommended lightning rods with such sharp points. The story is that in the heat of his animosity against the Americans and Franklin the King insisted, on political grounds, that on Kew Palace they should have blunt knobs instead of sharp points. The question between sharps and blunts became a Court question, the Courtiers siding with the King, their adversaries with Franklin. The King called upon Sir John Pringle, President of the Royal Society, for an opinion on his side in favor of the knobs, but Pringle hinted in reply that the laws of Nature were not changeable at the Royal pleasure. How far the story in detail is true can only now be guessed from a well-known epigram that was actually current:

While you, great George, for safety hunt,
And sharp conductors change for blunt,
The empire's out of joint.
Franklin a wiser course pursues,
And all your thunder fearless views,
By keeping to the point.

During these ten years in London Franklin kept up a lively fire of pamphlets and communications to the newspapers, advocating with all the resources of his wisdom, wit, and satire the integrity of the Empire and the cause of the Colonists. Two of these—"Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One," and "An Edict of the King of Prussia"—had a tremendous circulation, and became, and continued for many years, very famous. He continued his philosophical investigations, and was also the most popular dinner-out in London, where the charms of his conversation made him a universal favorite. He maintained his intimate association with the most distinguished men of science and learning, and a most loving and constant correspondence with his wife, daughter, and sister, from whom his protracted separation was to

his great and tender heart a source of constant anxiety and privation.

But at last, as the prolonged contest waxed hotter and hotter, as the representative of all the Colonies he became the very storm-centre around which all the elements of discord and growing hatred gathered in full force, and was often the target for the attacks of both sides. In England the Ministry regarded him as too much of an American, and the most ardent patriots at home as too much of an Englishman. He evidently thought that both sides were in fault. Here he constantly exerted all his great powers to justify his countrymen and uphold their cause. To them by every mail he urged patience and moderation, begging them to give the Ministry no ground against them.

As Mr. Parton truly says: "His entire influence and all the resources of his mind were employed from the beginning of the controversy in 1765 to the first conflict in 1775, to the one object of healing the breach and preventing the separation." But at such times, when the air is charged with mutual suspicion and hatred, when forebodings of war are agitating the public mind, what Hamlet says is more true than ever:

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt
not escape calumny.

The Court party professed to regard him as the embodiment of all the alleged sins and offences which they imputed to the entire body of Colonists, and they determined at all hazards to make an end of him. The news was on the way of the famous Boston tea party, in which a body of leading citizens of the New England capital in disguise boarded the ships that brought the tea, on which the obnoxious duty had been imposed, and emptied it all into salt water. The whole harbor of Boston became a seething cauldron of East India Company's tea on which no duty had been paid. Passive resistance was at last breaking out into open rebellion. Probably the frenzy of excitement on both sides had never reached

such fever heat—and in January, 1774, the storm burst on the head of the devoted Franklin.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene in the Cockpit at the meeting of the Committee of Lords of the Privy Council, met to pass upon the Petition of the Assembly of Massachusetts Bay for the removal of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. Franklin had transmitted to the Speaker of the Assembly, as in duty bound, their letters showing, as he believed, a studied purpose on the part of the colonial Royal officers to bring down more stringent measures upon the Colonists and to abridge their liberties, and he had sent them, as he was expressly authorized to do, for the avowed purpose of mitigating the wrath of the Colonists against the Government at home which, as they believed, had initiated and was solely responsible for those measures.

The hearing before the Committee of the Privy Council, on the Petition of the people of Massachusetts to remove these officers because of the letters, was made the occasion of a ferocious attack upon Franklin, who had presented the Petition. The Solicitor-General overwhelmed him with vituperation, while the Lords of the Committee applauded with jeers and cheers an attack universally condemned ever since. His calm self-command and unruffled dignity, as he stood for an hour to receive the pitiless storm of calumny, in such marked contrast to the conduct of his assailant and his titled applauders, is striking evidence of his conscious innocence. Upon the canvas of history he stands out from that ignoble scene a heroic figure, bearing silent testimony to the cause of the Colonists for whose sake he suffered—not a muscle moved, not a heart-beat quickened,—and casting into the shade of lasting oblivion all those who joined in the assault upon him. He said to Dr. Priestley next day that

he had never before been sensible of the power of a good conscience; for that, if he had not considered the thing for which he had been so much insulted as one of the best actions of his life, and

what he should certainly do again in the same circumstances, he could not have supported it.

An eye-witness who watched him closely says:

He stood conspicuously erect without the smallest movement of any part of his body. The muscles of his face had been previously composed so as to afford a tranquil expression of countenance, and he did not suffer the slightest alteration of it to appear during the continuance of the speech.

He has been blamed by several writers of high repute, but on what exact ground is not definitely specified. From whose hands he received the letters is not known. He did receive them confidentially "from a gentleman of character and distinction," but who he was was a secret which, at any cost to himself, Franklin was bound to keep, and he carried it to the grave with him at the cost of all the dust and obloquy that have been thrown about the matter. Having come honorably into possession of the letters, he could not have withheld the knowledge of them from the leaders of the Colony to whom he was responsible for his conduct, without a breach of trust towards them, and his countrymen, who justly regarded the assault upon him as an affront to themselves, accepted his own view and statement of the matter.

There is no doubt that the powerful invectives of Wedderburn, which were extremely eloquent and ingenious, and became the talk of the town, did seriously impair the prestige of Franklin during the rest of his stay in London. On the following day he was summarily dismissed from his office of Deputy Postmaster-General. But all this did not deprive him of the respect and esteem of the distinguished friends whom his character and commanding abilities had gathered about him.

I do not find [he wrote a fortnight after the assault] that I have lost a single friend on the occasion. All have visited me repeatedly with affectionate assurances of their unaltered respect and affection, and many of distinction, with whom I had before but slight acquaintance.

In demonstration of his own fidelity to Franklin, Lord Chatham not long

afterwards, on the occasion of a great debate on American affairs in the House of Lords, invited him to attend in the House, being sure that his presence in that day's debate would be of more service to America than his own, and later, in reply to a fling of Lord Sandwich at Franklin, he took occasion to declare that

if he were the first Minister of this country, and had the care of settling this momentous business, he should not be ashamed of publicly calling to his assistance a person so perfectly acquainted with the whole of American affairs as the gentleman alluded to, and so injuriously reflected on,—one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom, and ranked with our Boyles and Newtons; who was an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature.

Franklin continued his efforts at conciliation as long as he remained in London. He actually advised Massachusetts to pay for the tea which had been destroyed, for which again he was rudely blamed by the leaders in Boston. He even offered, without orders to do so, at his own risk, and without knowing whether his action would be sustained at home, to pay the whole damage of destroying the tea in Boston, provided the Acts against that Province were repealed, and to his last hour in London he labored without ceasing to heal the growing breach. Hostile critics have insinuated doubts of his sincerity in all his efforts for peace and union, but the evidence of his fidelity is overwhelming.

Speaking of Franklin in London from 1764 to 1774, the "Encyclopædia Britannica" says:

He remitted no effort to find some middle ground of conciliation. . . . With a social influence never possessed probably by any other American representative at the English Court he would doubtless have prevented the final alienation of the Colonies, if such a result under the circumstances had been possible. But it was not.

Let me cite another witness out of a host that might be called: the *Annual Register* for 1790 announcing Franklin's death says: "Previous to this period [the affair at the Cockpit] it is a testi-

mony to truth and bare justice to his memory to observe that he used his utmost endeavor to prevent a breach between Great Britain and America."

Dr. Priestley, who spent with him the whole of his last day in England, says of the conversation:

The unity of the British Empire in all its parts was a favorite idea of his. He used to compare it to a beautiful china vase, which if ever broken could never be put together again, and so great an admirer was he of the British Constitution that he said he saw no inconvenience from its being extended over a great part of the globe.

Professor Tyler, in his "Literary History of the American Revolution," describes Franklin at the date of the Battle of Lexington as

a man who having been resident in England during the previous ten years had there put all his genius, all his energy of heart and will, all his tact and shrewdness, all his powers of fascination, into the effort to keep the peace between these two kindred peoples, to save from disruption their glorious and already planetary empire, and especially to avert the very appeal to force that had at last been made.

But Franklin's efforts were of no avail. His mission of mediation and conciliation had failed, his dream of an imperial and perpetual union of England and the Colonies, as an Empire, one and inseparable, had vanished. The measures taken on both sides rendered any reconciliation impossible, and in March, 1775, he sailed for home, to throw in his lot with his own countrymen—arriving at Philadelphia two weeks after they had drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and the Battle of Lexington had begun the actual War of Independence.

I have now brought Franklin to the great parting of the ways, to the point where he ceased to be a British subject and became an American citizen, bound now to secure and maintain the cause of the Colonies with all his might, and as loyally as he had thus far sought to reconcile the Colonies and the Mother Country.

I may not on this occasion pursue further the narrative of his life, except

to indicate how clearly it displayed his astounding abilities and capacity for public service, his enlightened patriotism, and his rare devotion to duty. No sooner had he arrived in Philadelphia after his ten years' absence than his fellow-citizens, deeming him more than ever the indispensable man, made him a member of the Continental Congress, where he was one of the Committee of Five appointed by the Congress to prepare the famous Declaration of Independence, the other four members being Jefferson, John Adams, Sherman, and Livingston. The declaration drawn by Jefferson was only slightly amended by Franklin, who signed it with the other members of Congress. It will presently be seen that eleven years afterwards he also signed the Constitution of the United States, which he had a hand in making. To have signed both of these historical instruments is equivalent in American history to the highest patent of nobility, only five others sharing the honor with Franklin.

But, in spite of the Declaration of Independence, the cause of the Colonists was in danger of becoming hardly better than hopeless unless they could secure foreign aid and alliances—and, who again but Franklin, the printer's apprentice, the veteran diplomatist, the scientist of world-wide fame, the accomplished linguist, the one man of letters whose works had been translated into many languages, and the most experienced man of affairs on the Continent, could be chosen for that arduous and delicate service? He was almost immediately dispatched to Paris, for that purpose. Although he had now passed his seventieth year, and was already beginning to feel the infirmities of age, he consented to serve, and there for nine years more of exile he discharged his diplomatic duties with such wisdom, energy, pertinacity, and tact, and such marvellous shrewdness, that the much-needed supplies of money and military stores were from time to time obtained and the Colonists enabled to maintain their footing in the field. After the Battle of Saratoga, which has been justly described as one

of the decisive battles of history, the Treaties of Commerce and Alliance were signed which powerfully assisted the Colonists to make good their Declaration.

This brilliant achievement was chiefly due to the skill and sagacity of Franklin, and it was largely aided by his marvellous personal popularity among all classes of the French people. His arrival in Paris was the signal for a tremendous outburst of popular enthusiasm, which met with a hearty response throughout Europe, and it extended at once to the fashionable world and to the philosophers and scholars as well as to the populace.

"His virtues and renown," says Lacretelle, "negotiated for him; and before the second year of his mission had expired no one conceived it possible to refuse fleets and armies to the countrymen of Franklin."

The German, Schlosser, says:

Franklin's appearance in the Paris Salons, even before he began to negotiate, was an event of great importance to the whole of Europe. Paris at that time set the fashion for the civilized world, and the admiration of Franklin, carried to a degree approaching folly, produced a remarkable effect on the fashionable circles of Paris. His dress, the simplicity of his external appearance, the friendly meekness of the old man, and the apparent humility of the Quaker procured for freedom a mass of votaries among the court circles.

Pictures of him appeared in every window, and portraits, busts, medals, medals, bearing his familiar head, were in every house and every hand.

A French writer of the day, in his description of Franklin at the Court, says:

Franklin appeared at Court in the dress of an American cultivator. His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. Franklin, who to the reputation of a philosopher added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an Apostle of Liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments when the most beautiful woman of three hundred was selected to place a crown

of laurels upon the white head of the American philosopher, and two kisses upon his cheeks.

An American Ambassador of to-day still affects similar simplicity of dress by Act of Congress, but he would hardly know how to take such a reception as was thus accorded to the venerable philosopher.

But all this incense did not turn his head, which he kept level for the important affairs that he had in hand.

The amount and variety of business which fell upon him would have taxed the energies and capacity of the strongest man in middle life, and his health was already beginning to decline. He was obliged to act not only as Ambassador, but in lieu of a Board of War, Board of Treasury, Prize Court, Commissary of Prisoners, Consul, and dealer in cargoes which came from America. When peace happily returned he took an active and important part in negotiating the final Treaty with Great Britain, and no one in the world rejoiced more heartily than he in the restoration of friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States. It would be impossible to describe in anything short of a volume the activity, the brilliancy, and the success of his long years in Paris.

It was exceedingly fortunate for both countries at this time, that, in spite of the intervening contest of so many years, Franklin in his important post of Ambassador in Paris still retained the esteem and friendship of many distinguished Englishmen whose acquaintance he had made during his fifteen years' residence in London. To two of these—Lord Shelburne and David Hartley—are posterity indebted for much of the wisdom, moderation, and statesmanship on the part of Great Britain which contributed so largely to the Treaty of Peace. The first overtures came from Franklin to Lord Shelburne, afterwards the first Marquis of Lansdowne, Minister of the Colonies, who responded by sending a confidential mission to Franklin, with a letter which concluded: "I wish to retain the same simplicity and good faith which subsisted between us in transactions of less importance."

Presently Mr. Fox, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent Thomas Grenville over to represent him in the negotiations. Great Britain then had no diplomatic representative at the French Court, and so it came about, as Bancroft says, that Franklin, the Deputy Postmaster-General, who had been dismissed in disgrace in 1774, now as the envoy of the rebel Colonies at the request of Great Britain introduced the son of the author of the Stamp Act to the representative of the Bourbon King.

The final negotiations of the Treaty on the part of England were entrusted to Franklin's lifelong friend, Mr. David Hartley, in whose apartments in the Hôtel de York the definite Treaty was signed. The credit and honor of the negotiation on the American side must be divided between Franklin, Jay, and Adams, to whom, for this great service, their countrymen owe an incalculable debt of gratitude.

At the signing of one of the Treaties in Paris Franklin is said to have worn the same old suit of spotted Manchester velvet which he had last worn on the fatal day at the Cockpit years before, when Wedderburn attacked him, showing how deeply, on that occasion, the iron had entered into his soul.

In view of his fifteen years' service in England and ten in France, of the immense obstacles and difficulties which he had to overcome, of the art and wisdom which he displayed, and the incalculable value to the country of the Treaties which he negotiated, he still stands as by far the greatest of American diplomats.

In his eightieth year, quite worn out by his labors and infirmities, he returned to his "dear Philadelphia" to spend the brief remnant of his days, as he hoped, in rest and retirement, but that was not to be. He was immediately elected President of Pennsylvania—an office of great responsibility, in which he continued for three years.

I had not firmness enough [he said] to resist the unanimous desire of my country folks; and I find myself harnessed again in their service for another year. They engrossed the prime of my life. They

have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones.

In 1787, at the age of eighty-one, he was a member of that remarkable body of men who met to frame the Constitution of the United States, and it was most fortunate for the nation that he was so. In spite of his great age, he attended all the sessions five hours a day for four months, and took an active part in the discussions and committees. He it was who proposed the amendment by means of which the States came together to form a more perfect union. The small States had been contending most vehemently and persistently for absolute and entire equality. The large States were equally tenacious for a proportional representation. Agreement seemed impossible until Franklin in Committee proposed the simple compromise, which was adopted, and on which the Constitution has thus far safely rested, that in the Senate all States, great and small, should have an equal vote, but in the House of Representatives each State should have a representation proportioned to its population, and that all Bills to raise or expend money must originate there.

He gave close attention to all the great questions discussed in the Convention, which sat in secret session. As he was too infirm to stand and speak he was permitted to write out what he had to say, to be read for him by a fellow-member, and so it came about that his are the only speeches reported entire, and they are very brief and pithy. On one occasion, when there seemed no prospect of any further progress because of hopeless dissensions, he moved that prayer be resorted to at each day's opening of the Convention as the only remedy.

I have lived, Sir, a long time [he said], and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth: that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an Empire can rise without His aid? We have been assured, Sir, in the sacred writings that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His

concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the building of Babel.

When the great Compact of Concessions and Compromises was finished it probably suited no member exactly, so much had each been obliged to yield of his own cherished opinions in the cause of harmony. But Franklin threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of an unconditional signature of the great instrument by all the delegates.

I consent, Sir, to this Constitution [he said] because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its errors I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born and here they shall die.

He carried his point and all the members signed.

It can hardly be doubted that it was the combined personal weight and influence of Washington and Franklin that prevailed with the people in all the thirteen States in favor of the adoption of the famous Constitution, which they had done so much to devise and perfect.

He lived to see Washington, who had been his close friend and fellow laborer since the days of the Braddock disaster, elected unanimously the first President of the United States, and to see the new Nation, which he had been so potent to create, fairly launched upon its great career. He lived long enough to see the youthful Hamilton at the age of thirty-two installed as Secretary of the Treasury, and to read the first report of that marvellous genius on the Public Credit of the new-

born Nation, whereby, as Webster said: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth; he touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet." His last public act, only twenty-four days before his death, was a powerful appeal for the abolition of slavery, full of his old wisdom, wit, and satire, and of the spirit which animated the sublime proclamation of Lincoln three-quarters of a century later. And then at last, utterly worn out by his long years of public service, but rejoicing in their grand result, he "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lay down to pleasant dreams."

His grateful country honors his memory and cherishes his ever-growing fame as one of its noblest treasures, and transmits from generation to generation the story of his matchless services. His autobiography, written near the end of his wonderful career, is valued by all readers of the English language as one of the most fascinating contributions to its literature. And the lessons of honesty, temperance, thrift, industry, and economy, which he inculcated and practised with such brilliant success in his own person, have been of priceless value to his countrymen, and contributed very largely to their social, material, and intellectual well-being. So that, taking him for all in all, by general consent they class him with Washington and Hamilton and Lincoln in the list of illustrious Americans.



The Philosopher's Joke

By JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Paul Kelver," etc.

II

It is from the narrative as Armitage told it to me that night in the club smoking-room that I am taking most of my material. It seemed to him that all things began slowly to rise upward, leaving him stationary, but with a great pain as though the inside of him were being torn away—the same sensation greatly exaggerated, so he likened it, as descending in a lift. But around him all the time was silence and darkness unrelieved. After a period that might have been minutes, that might have been years, a faint light crept towards him. It grew stronger, and into the air which now fanned his cheek, there stole the sound of far-off music. The light and the music both increased, and one by one his senses came back to him. He was seated on a low-cushioned bench beneath a group of palms. A young girl was sitting beside him, but her face was turned away from him.

"I did not catch your name," he was saying. "Would you mind telling it to me?"

She turned her face towards him. It was the most spiritually beautiful face he had ever seen. "I am in the same predicament," she laughed. "You had better write yours on my programme, and I will write mine on yours."

So they wrote upon each other's programme, and exchanged again. The name she had written was Alice Blatchley.

He had never seen her before that he could remember. Yet at the back of his mind there dwelt the haunting knowledge of her. Somewhere long ago they had met, talked together. Slowly as one recalls a dream, it came back to him. In some other life, vague, shadowy, he had married this woman. For the first few years they

had loved each other; then the gulf had opened between them—widened. Stern, strong voices had called to him to lay aside his selfish dreams, his boyish ambitions, to take upon his shoulders the yoke of a great duty. When more than ever he had demanded sympathy and help, this woman had fallen away from him. His ideals but irritated her. Only at the cost of daily bitterness had he been able to resist her endeavors to draw him from his path. Another face, with soft eyes full of helpfulness, shone through the mist of his dream—the face of a woman who would one day come to him out of the future with outstretched hands that he would yearn to clasp.

"Shall we not dance?" said the voice beside him. "I really won't sit out a waltz."

They hurried into the ball-room. With his arm about her form, with her wondrous eyes shyly, at rare moments seeking his, then vanishing again behind their drooping lashes, the brain, the mind, the very soul of the young man passed out of his own keeping. She complimented him in her bewitching manner, a delightful blending of condescension and timidity.

"You dance extremely well," she told him. "You may ask me for another later on."

The words flashed out from that dim haunting future: "Your dancing was your chief attraction for me, as likely as not, had I but known?"

All that evening and for many months to come the Present and the Future fought within him. And the experience of Nathaniel Armitage, divinity student, was the experience likewise of Alice Blatchley, who had fallen in love with him at first sight, having found him the divinest dancer she had ever whirled with to the sen-

suous music of the waltz; of Horatio Camelford, journalist and minor poet, whose journalism earned him a bare income, but at whose minor poetry critics smiled; of Rosalind Dearwood, with her glorious eyes and muddy complexion, and her wild hopeless passion for the big, handsome, ruddy-bearded Dick Everett, who, knowing it, only laughed at her in his kindly, lordly way, telling her with frank brutality that the woman who was not beautiful had missed her vocation in life; of that scheming, conquering young gentleman himself, who at twenty-five had already made his mark in the city, shrewd, clever, cool-headed as a fox, except where a pretty face and shapely hand or ankle were concerned; of Nellie Fanshawe, then in the pride of her ravishing beauty, who loved none but herself, whose clay-made gods were jewels and fine dresses and rich feasts, the envy of other women and the courtship of all mankind.

That evening of the ball each clung to the hope that this memory of the future was but a dream. They had been introduced to one another; had heard each other's names for the first time with a start of recognition; had avoided one another's eyes; had hastened to plunge into meaningless talk till that moment when young Camelford, stooping to pick up Rosalind's fan, had found that broken fragment of the Rhenish wine-glass. Then it was that conviction refused to be shaken off, that knowledge of the future had to be sadly accepted.

What they had not foreseen was that knowledge of the future in no way affected their emotions of the present. Nathaniel Armitage grew day by day more hopelessly in love with bewitching Alice Blatchley. The thought of her marrying any one else—the long-haired, priggish Camelford in particular—sent the blood boiling through his veins; added to which sweet Alice, with her arms about his neck, would confess to him that life without him would be a misery hardly to be endured, that the thought of him as the husband of another woman—of Nellie Fanshawe in particular—was madness

to her. It was right, perhaps, knowing what they did, that they should say good-bye to one another. She would bring sorrow into his life. Better far that he should put her away from him, that she should die of a broken heart, as she felt sure she would. How could he, a fond lover, inflict this suffering upon her? He ought, of course, to marry Nellie Fanshawe, but he could not bear the girl. Would it not be the height of absurdity to marry a girl he strongly disliked because twenty years hence she might be more suitable to him than the woman he now loved and who loved him?

Nor could Nellie Fanshawe bring herself to discuss without laughter the suggestion of marrying on a hundred and fifty a year a curate that she positively hated. There would come a time when wealth would be indifferent to her, when her exalted spirit would ask but for the satisfaction of self-sacrifice. But that time had not arrived. The emotions it would bring with it she could not in her present state even imagine. Her whole present being craved for the things of this world, the things that were within her grasp. To ask her to forego them now because later on she would not care for them—it was like telling a schoolboy to avoid the tuck shop because, when a man, the thought of stickjaw would be nauseous to him. If her capacity for enjoyment was to be short-lived, all the more reason for grasping joy quickly.

Alice Blatchley, when her lover was not by, gave herself many a headache trying to think the thing out logically. Was it not foolish of her to rush into this marriage with dear Nat? At forty she would wish she had married somebody else. But most women at forty—she judged from conversation round about her—wished they had married somebody else. If every girl at twenty listened to herself at forty there would be no more marriages. At forty she would be a different person altogether. That other elderly person did not interest her. To ask a young girl to spoil her life purely in the interests of this middle-aged party—it did not

seem right. Besides, whom else was she to marry? Camelford would not have her; he did not want her then; he was not going to want her at forty. For practical purposes Camelford was out of the question. She might marry somebody else altogether—and fare worse. She might remain a spinster; she hated the mere name of spinster. The inky-fingered woman journalist that, if all went well, she might become—it was not her idea. Was she acting selfishly? Ought she in his own interests, to refuse to marry dear Nat? Nellie—the little cat—who would suit him at forty, would not have him. If to any one but Nellie it might just as well be to her. A bachelor clergyman! It sounded almost improper. Nor was dear Nat the type. If she threw him over it would be into the arms of some designing minx. What was the girl to do?

Camelford at forty, under the influence of favorable criticism, would have persuaded himself he was a heaven-sent prophet, his whole life to be beautifully spent in the saving of mankind. At twenty he felt he wanted to live. Weird-looking Rosalind, with her magnificent eyes veiling mysteries, was of more importance to him than the rest of the species combined. Knowledge of the future in his case only spurred desire. The muddy complexion would grow pink and white, the thin limbs round and shapely; the now scornful eyes would one day light with love at his coming. It was what he had once hoped; it was what he now knew. At forty the artist is stronger than the man; at twenty the man is stronger than the artist.

An uncanny creature, so most folks would have described Rosalind Dearwood. Few would have imagined her developing into the good-natured, easy-going Mrs. Camelford of middle age. The animal, so strong within her at twenty, at thirty had burnt itself out. At eighteen, madly, blindly in love with red-bearded, deep-voiced Dick Everett, she would, had he whistled to her, have flung herself gratefully at his feet, and this in spite of the knowledge forewarning her of the

miserable life he would certainly lead her, at all events until her slowly developing beauty should give her the whip-hand of him—by which time she would have come to despise him. Fortunately, as she told herself, there was no fear of his doing so, the future notwithstanding. Nellie Fanshawe's beauty held him as with chains of steel, and Nellie had no intention of allowing her rich prize to escape her. Her own lover, it was true, irritated her more than any man she had ever met, but at least he would afford her refuge from the bread of charity. Rosalind Dearwood, an orphan, had been brought up by a distant relative. She had not been the child to win affection. Of a silent, brooding nature every thoughtless incivility had been to her an insult, a wrong. Acceptance of young Camelford seemed her only escape from a life that had become to her a martyrdom. At forty-one he would wish he had remained a bachelor; but at thirty-eight that would not trouble her. She would know he was much better off as he was. Meanwhile, she would have come to like him, to respect him. He would be famous: she would be proud of him. Crying into her pillow—she could not help it—for love of handsome Dick, it was still a comfort to reflect that Nellie Fanshawe, as it were, was watching over her, protecting her from herself.

Dick, as he muttered to himself a dozen times a day, ought to marry Rosalind. At thirty-eight she would be his ideal. He looked at her as she was at eighteen and shuddered. Nellie, at thirty, would be plain and uninteresting. But when did consideration of the future ever cry halt to passion; when did a lover ever pause thinking of the morrow? If her beauty was to pass, was not that one reason the more, urging him to possess it while it lasted?

Nellie Fanshawe at forty would be a saint. The prospect did not please her: she hated saints. She would love the tiresome, solemn Nathaniel: of what use was that to her now? He did not desire her; he was in love with Alice, and Alice was in love with him. What would be the sense—even if they

all agreed—in the three of them making themselves miserable for all their youth that they might be contented in their old age? Let age fend for itself and leave youth to its own instincts. Let elderly saints suffer,—it was their métier,—and youth drink the cup of life. It was a pity Dick was the only “catch” available, but he was young and handsome. Other girls had to put up with sixty and the gout.

Another point, a very serious point, had been overlooked. All that had arrived to them in that dim future of the past had happened to them as the result of their making the marriages they had made. To what fate other roads would lead, their knowledge could not tell them. Nellie Fanshawe had become at forty a lovely character. Might not the hard life she had led with her husband—a life calling for continual sacrifice, for daily self-control—have helped towards this end? As the wife of a poor curate of high moral principles, would the same result have been secured? The fever that had robbed her of her beauty and turned her thoughts inward had been the result of sitting out on the balcony of the Paris Opera House with an Italian Count on the occasion of a fancy-dress ball. As the wife of an East End clergyman the chances are she would have escaped that fever and its purifying effects. Was there not danger in the alternative: a supremely beautiful young woman, worldly minded, hungry for pleasure, condemned to a life of poverty with a man she did not love? The influence of Alice upon Nathaniel Armitage, during those first years when his character was forming, had been all for good. Could he be sure that, married to Nellie, he might not have deteriorated?

Were Alice Blatchley to marry an artist could she be sure that at forty she would still be in sympathy with artistic ideals? Even as a child had not her desire ever been in the opposite direction to that favored by her nurse? Did not the reading of Conservative journals invariably incline her towards Radicalism, and the steady stream of Radical talk round her husband's table invari-

ably set her seeking argument in favor of the feudal system? Might it not have been her husband's growing Puritanism that had driven her to crave for Bohemianism? Suppose that towards middle age, the wife of a wild artist, she suddenly “took religion,” as the saying is. Her last state would be worse than the first.

Camelford was of delicate physique. As an absent-minded bachelor, with no one to give him his meals, no one to see that his things were aired, could he have lived till forty? Could he be sure that home life had not given more to his art than it had taken from him? Rosalind Dearwood, of a nervous, passionate nature, married to a bad husband, might at forty have posed for one of the Furies. Not until her life had become restful had her good looks shown themselves. Hers was the type of beauty that for its development demands tranquillity.

Dick Everett had no delusions concerning himself. That, had he married Rosalind, he could for ten years have remained the faithful husband of a singularly plain wife, he knew to be impossible. But Rosalind would have been no patient Griselda. The extreme probability was that having married her at twenty, for the sake of her beauty at thirty, at twenty-nine at latest she would have divorced him.

Everett was a man of practical ideas. It was he who took the matter in hand. The refreshment contractor admitted that curious goblets of German glass occasionally crept into their stock. One of the waiters, on the understanding that in no case should he be called upon to pay for them, admitted having broken more than one wine-glass on that particular evening: thought it not unlikely he might have attempted to hide the fragments under a convenient palm. The whole thing evidently was a dream. So youth decided at the time, and the three marriages took place within three months of one another.

It was some ten years later that Armitage told me the story that night in the club smoking-room. Mrs. Everett had just recovered from a se-

vere attack of rheumatic fever, contracted the spring before in Paris. Mrs. Camelford, whom previously I had not met, certainly seemed to me one of the handsomest women I have ever seen. Mrs. Armitage—I knew her when she was Alice Blatchley,—I found more charming as a woman than she had been as a girl. What she could have seen in Armitage I never could

understand. Camelford made his mark some ten years later; poor fellow, he did not live long to enjoy his fame. Dick Everett has still another six years to work off; but he is well behaved, and there is talk of a petition.

It is a curious story altogether, I admit. As I said at the beginning, I do not myself believe it.

(Conclusion)

STINGS & FLINGS

from

"The Silly Syclopædia."

If we could see ourselves as others see us many of us would wear a mask.

It is a wise son that owes his own father.

Rolling stones gather no moss, but look at the excitement they have.

Consistency is a jewel, but it is n't fashionable to wear it.

Everybody knows that money talks, but nobody notices what kind of grammar it uses.

Every woman loves an ideal man until she marries him—then it's a new deal.

Fair play is a jewel, but so many people can't afford jewelry.

Money cannot buy happiness, but most of us are willing to make the experiment.

Kisses go by favorable circumstances.

It takes a lot of money to teach a Duke how to love an American heiress.

How many people in this world are being coaxed when it's a club they need.

Failures made by other people pave the road to your success.

Charity begins at home, and ruins its health by staying there too much.

Every woman jumps quickly from mice and at conclusions.

If it were impossible to speak anything but truth in this world, how many times a day would we be insulted!

The Day and Hour

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER

I

The Whisperers

New York—1905

IN the House of State at Albany—in shadowy corridors and corners—the whisperers whispered together.

In sumptuous palaces in the big city men talked intently, with mouth to ear.

Year in and year out they whispered, and talked, and no one heard save those who listened close.

Now in the Hall of the City the whisperers again are whispering, the talkers are talking.

They who once conversed so quietly, secretly, with shrugs and winks and finger laid beside nose—what has happened to their throats?

For speak they never so low, their voices are as the voices of trumpets; whisper they never so close, their words are like alarm bells rung in the night.

Every whisper is a shout, and the noise of their speech goes forth like thunders.

They cry as from the housetops—their voices resound up and down the streets; they echo from city to city and from village to village.

Over prairies and mountains and across the salt sea their whispers go hissing and shouting.

They say the thing they would not say, and quickly the shameful thing clamors back and forth over the round world;

And when they would fain cease their saying, they may not, for a clear-voiced questioner is as the finger of fate and the crack of doom.

What they would hide they reveal, what they would cover they make plain;

What they feared to speak aloud to one another, unwilling they publish to all mankind;

And the people listen with bowed heads, wondering and in grief;

And wise men, and they who love their country, turn pale and ask: "What new shame will come upon us?"

And again they ask, "Are these they in whose keep are the substance and hope of the widow and the fatherless?"

And the poor man, plodding home with his scant earnings from his hard week's work, hears the voices, with bitterness in his soul.

And thieves, lurking in dark places and furtively seizing that which is not their own; and the petty and cowardly briber, and he who is bribed, nudge one another;

And the anarch and the thrower of bombs clap hands together, and cry out: "Behold these our allies!"

II

A Woman of Sorrows—Josephine Shaw Lowell *

IT was but yesterday she walked these streets
 Making them holier. How many years
 Widowed,—with all her love poured on her kind,—
 She ministered unto the abused and stricken,
 And all the oppressed and suffering of mankind,—
 Herself forgetting, but never those in need;
 Her whole, sweet soul lost in her loving work;
 Pondering the endless problem of the poor.

In ceaseless labor, swift, unhurriedly,
 She sped upon her tireless ministries,
 Climbing the stairs of poverty and wrong,
 Endeavoring the help that shall not hurt,
 Seeking to build in every human heart
 A temple of justice—that no brother's burden
 Should heavier prove through human selfishness.

In memory I see that brooding face
 That now seemed dreaming of the heroic past
 When those most dear to her laid loyal lives
 On the high altar of freedom; and again
 That thinking, inward-lighted countenance
 Drooped, saddened by the pain of human kind,
 Though resolute to help where help might be,
 And with undying faith illuminate.

She was our woman of sorrows, whose pure heart
 Was pierced by many woes; sister and saint,
 Who to life's darkened passageways brought light,
 Who taught the dignity of human service,
 Who made the city noble by her life,
 And sanctified the very stones her feet
 Pressed in their sacred journeys.

Most high God!
 This city of mammon, this wide, seething pit
 Of avarice and lust, hath known Thy saints,
 And yet shall know. For faith than sin is mightier,

*For portrait of Mrs. Lowell see "Lounger."

The Day and Hour

75

And by this faith we live,—that in Thy time,
In Thine own time the good shall crush the ill;
The brute within the human shall die down;
And love and justice reign, where hate prevents,—
That love which in pure hearts reveals Thine own
And lights the world to righteousness and truth.

NEW YORK, December, 1905.

III

To Emma Lazarus—1905 *

DEAR bard and prophet, that thy rest is deep
Thanks be to God! Not now on thy heart falls
Rumor intolerable. Sleep, O sleep!
See not the blood of Israel that crawls,
Warm yet, into the noon and night; that cries
Even as of old, till all the world stands still
At rapine that even to Israel's agonies
Seems strange and monstrous, a mad dream of ill.
Thou sleepest! Yea, but as in grief we said:—
There is a spiritual life unconquerable;
So, bard of the ancient people, though being dead
Thou speakest, and thy voice we love full well.
Never thy holy memory forsakes us;
Thy spirit is the trumpet that awakes us!

IV

A Tragedy of To-day

New York, 1905

I

IN a little theatre, in the Jewry of the New World, I sat among the sad-eyed exiles;

Narrow was the stage and meagrely appointed, and the players gave themselves up utterly to their art;

And, before our eyes, were enacted scenes of a play that scarcely seemed a play.

The place was a city in a wide, unhappy land;

* Read by the author at a memorial meeting in honor of the poet, Emma Lazarus, held at Temple Beth-El, Seventy-Sixth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York, on Sunday evening, November 19, 1905, under the auspices of the New York Section of the Council of Jewish Women.

Even in that empire which drifts to-day like a great ship toward a black and unknown coast;

While men, with blanched faces, cry out: "Unless the tempest abates quickly, behold the mightiest wreck on all the shores of time!"

And the time of the drama was our own time; and the coming and the going; and the people themselves were of our own day and generation;

The people, with strange beards, and look of the immemorial Orient; like those men and women who, alien and melancholy, plod the New-World streets;

Like those who, in slow and pitiful procession, on a fixed day of mourning, with dirges and wailings, poured innumerable into the city's open places.

And, as the play went on, at times the very speech of the actors, in hot debate, crackled and sputtered like the fuse of a Russian bomb.

And there an old man, the preacher of a hunted race and a despised religion, all alone called to his people to follow him, and their God, the God of Israel.

Passionately he proclaimed the faith of the fathers, and the saving word and protecting arm of the Almighty;

He, the voice and prophet of the Lord High God, called aloud to them who strayed:

"Come ye back to your God, and to His Everlasting Word.

"You young men who have forgotten Him, the Unforgetting, and you old men mumbling your prayers, and, cowards! leaving the holy shrine unprotected";

And the young men answered and called the old man the name of them who are dead and have passed away;

And the old men, unheeding, swayed to and fro, mumbling their ancient psalms and ineffectual supplications.

Then, while the noise of the beastly rabble swelled louder and nearer—then did the preacher turn once more to the Lord of Hosts, lifting up his voice in praise and prayer, and faith unquenchable;

Crying to God with a loud voice and saying: "Lead me, Thou Jehovah! in the right way,

"For now has come the great day of the Lord; now, Lord, save Thy people and bless Thy heritage,

"Thou who wert, and art, and ever shalt be! Show now Thy Almightyness, send Thy miracle as lightning from on high."

Nearer and nearer came the curses and shrieks and the wailing lamentations; and men and women fled, wounded, before the infamous and infuriate avengers;

Then the crash of guns and the terror of carnage and rapine unspeakable;

And, in the midst, the voice of an old man crying to heaven, and falling smitten and dead before the shrine of the God of Israel.

And, listening, I heard not only the sounds of the mimic drama — but, louder and more dreadful, the panting of miserable women who welcomed death, the deliverer;

And from Kishineff and Odessa I heard, once more crying to heaven, the outpoured blood of the Jew.

II

And still as I listened and dreamed, the crimson flood widened to a great and lustrous pool,

And looking therein I saw reflected the faces of many known well to my heart and to the hearts of all the world,

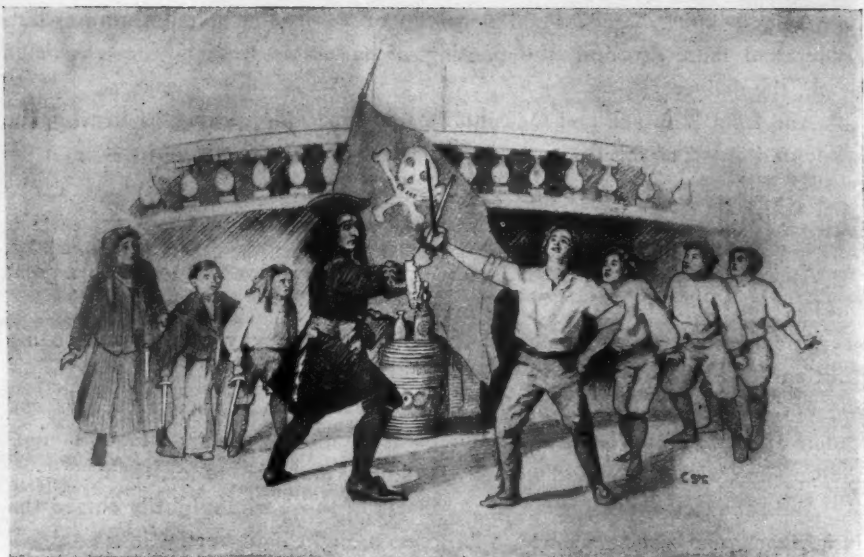
For there were the features of mighty warriors and makers of laws and leaders of men; of poets inspired and painters and musicians; and of famous philosophers, and of men and women who loved, and labored for, their kind;

And the faces of preachers and prophets; of those who mightily cursed the unrighteous, and who to a world in darkness brought light everlasting;

And chief of all I saw in that crimson mirror the face of him whose spirit was bowed beneath the eternal agonies of all mankind.*

*"The Whisperers" is reprinted from the N. Y. *Evening Post*; "A Tragedy of To-Day" from the N. Y. *Times*.





PETER PAN'S TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH CAPTAIN HOOK

"Peter Pan"

By HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

If you do not believe in Fairies before the end of the third act of Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, "Peter Pan," the boy who would n't grow up, but who longed for a mother to tuck him in bed, then you will surely be the death of the Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as a dancing light. But if you do believe at once, and take the second turn to the right, and then go on 'till morning, you will come to the Never Never Land. There you ought to find hollow-trees, and snowballs, and toad-stools-big-enough-to-sit-on, and a lion-that-lets-his-tail-be-cut-off, and friendly-Indians-with-war-whoops-and-fights, and wolves-that-dare-not-touch-you-if-you-look-at-them-between-your-legs. And there you 'll be sure to come across a Pirate Crew, and a Pirate Ship. It's a true Pirate Crew that sings "Heave Ho!" and makes captives walk the plank. Their leader, Captain Hook—a mad minded man,—thirsts for the blood of Peter Pan, while terribly

afraid of a crocodile that fortunately swallowed a clock whose ticking warns Captain Hook of his approach. For Peter Pan had cut off Captain Hook's hand, long ago, and had thrown it to the crocodile. That gave the crocodile a taste for Captain Hook. He's called Captain Hook because of the hook he now carries at the end of his left arm.

You see every first time a baby laughs his laugh becomes a Fairy and lives as long as the baby believes. Of course children can easily learn to fly away with the Fairies. They can come back, too, if their parents keep the nursery window unbarred. So it happened that Peter Pan flew away when he was born, for he heard his parents talking about the prospect of making him President when he grew up, and he wanted always to remain a boy. But he stayed so long that when he tried to return he found the window shut. Then he went to live with the Lost Boys who fall out of perambu-

lators when nurse is away. If they are not claimed within seven days they are sent to the Never Never Land.

It is all very clear. You find out at once that Peter Pan is dreadfully fond of stories, for he steals into the room

as Peter Pan flies outdoors Nana, the nurse dog, shuts the window so quickly that she cuts off Peter Pan's shadow. Later when the children have gone to sleep Peter Pan comes back to look for the shadow with his Fairy Tinker Bell,



PETER PAN TELLS WENDY OF THE NEVER NEVER LAND

while Mrs. Darling tells them to her three children. Of course when Peter Pan thinks that Mrs. Darling has seen him he wishes to run away. But just

whom you can see only as a dancing light. But after the shadow has been found it won't stick, so while Peter Pan tries to rub it with soap, Wendy,

the oldest of the children, opens her eyes, and not being afraid, sews the shadow on Peter Pan again while he tells her about the Never Never Land. Then Wendy calls to her brothers to hear more. The Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as a dancing light, is jealous, but in spite of her Peter Pan teaches the Darling children to fly, so that they all go away together through the window to the Never Never Never Land.



CAPTAIN HOOK STEALS BELOW TO POISON PETER PAN'S MEDICINE

There the Darling children, and the Lost Boys, and Peter Pan build for Wendy a house with a tall hat for a chimney, and windows with babies looking out and roses looking in. Only so as to hide from Captain Hook they all live in rooms under the ground, at the foot of the hollow trees, where they have a bed-for-the-whole-family, and pillows-to-dance-in. After a while the children decide that they ought to go home to their mother. But the Pirates know where the children live, and so,

when the Pirates have driven away the friendly Indians that are on guard above, they capture the children as they come out of the hollow-tree-trunks, and then the Pirates chain the children's hands so that they cannot fly, and take them to the Pirate Ship. Meanwhile Peter Pan, who would not go back to Ever Ever Ever Land, falls asleep on the bed-for-the-whole-family, and Captain Hook steals below to poison his medicine. But the Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as a dancing light, catches Captain Hook in the act, and saves Peter Pan by drinking the poison herself. Then Peter Pan finds out that the Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as a dancing light, may be kept alive by all the children saying that they believe in Fairies. Of course you yourself, like the other children, truly believe, so you clap your hands and wave your handkerchiefs as Peter Pan wishes, and it is all as it should be.

Then Peter Pan goes to the Pirate Ship. He carries a clock just like the clock the crocodile swallowed. With this time-piece, Peter Pan frightens Captain Hook so badly that he gains one or two minutes in which to arm the boys, and finally to drive overboard the whole Pirate Crew, and Captain Hook. After that of course Peter Pan takes the Darling children home again to their mother. Mrs. Darling tells Peter Pan that she will care for him in the Ever Ever Ever Land. But when Peter Pan finds that some day he still might become President he decides to go back to the Never Never Never Land with his Fairy Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as a dancing light. There they live in their house in the tree-tops where the Fairies, whom you can see only as other dancing lights, flit to and fro. Once a year Wendy, the motherly soul, comes to give the house a spring cleaning. You know what that means.

The story here may seem to be froth, or a comic opera scenario. It is neither. Perhaps you take it for nursery talk, and perhaps you are right. But if you have not retained youth enough to enjoy it you ought to be

ashamed of the candles on your next birthday cake. No one but Mr. Barrie would have dared to cast for the stage such an unruly dream. No one but Mr. Barrie could have induced Mr. Frohman to accept the production. No one but Mr. Barrie could have written it in a way to have brought success.

The pure phantasy of this creation of sympathy for the young may not be judged by dramatic standards. Yet Never Never Never Land cannot be so very far away from the island of the admirable Crichton. The author makes us children again willy nilly, by accumulating the detail of childhood, and insisting on the little incidents of childish lives. The father lives for a long time in the kennel of the nurse dog, because he is sorry for having maltreated her. The Pirates make the gentlest of splashes rise above the bulwarks when they are shoved overboard. The Never Never Never Land children play at eating with nothing on the table. This process of whimsical invention keeps true to its sphere where everything remains within the scope of childish imaginings. Here appears no hint of older people re-assuming the young point of view. The actors are merely playing play their parts, just as children would do in such a case. The Pirates are not really pushed into the sea. They hesitate on the rail, and look about them leisurely before they

topple out of sight. For all this the author does not force a caricature. Captain Hook leans back in his chair of state on the Pirate Ship and moralizes on fame as a glittering bauble, while sharpening his talons on a neat square of sand-paper. "I have never sat down to afternoon tea," he says. "No woman's lips have ever plucked the roses from my cheeks." Yet somehow he escapes becoming a buffoon.

The company in America has done its work admirably. Its members forward the intangible fancy of the text with an expressive impersonation, up from the lion-that-lets-his-tail-be-cut-off, through Mr. Ernest Lawford, who plays the parts of Mr. Darling and Captain Hook with much taste, to the dainty work of the star herself. Miss Adams admits that her part gives her the greatest pleasure, and that she was only too happy to hear, recently, that Mr. Barrie is writing, for the piece, another scene about the Pirates. On the stage she bears out her words. She becomes Peter Pan to such an extent that her audience forget, even after the play, that she has been acting a part. She can hardly be called a boy when she dances with Tinker Bell, whom you can see only as a dancing light, in the first act, with the pillows in the third act, and when she sings "Sally in Our Alley." That is right, for Peter Pan is not a boy but a boyish thought.



Memoirs and Letters

Reviewed by JEANNETTE L. GILDER

I

A Dentist under the Second Empire

THERE are two most interesting books just published—one the "Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans,"* the other a new volume of Brookfield papers called "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." Either one of these books is worth a whole letter to itself, but coming at the same time they must share one in common.

The late Dr. Evans, it is well known, was an American dentist who flourished in France during the Second Empire. He not only looked after the teeth of the Emperor and Empress, but he was the close friend of both; and it was he who aided the Empress in her flight from France at the time of the Commune. A chapter from this book, giving an account of the flight of the Empress, the first absolutely authentic account to be printed, was published in the October number of the *Century Magazine*. The rest of the book is entirely new, and is, to use a hackneyed phrase, more interesting than a novel. To my mind, books of recollections, where there is anything to recollect, are always more interesting than novels, but they may not be so, as a rule, to the average reader.

Dr. Evans's "Memoirs" are edited by Edward A. Crane, whose intimacy with the doctor lasted over thirty years; and who was singled out by Dr. Evans to be the editor of his "Memoirs" and manuscript remains. Dr. Evans made no pretension to literary ability, but at the same time, if these "Memoirs" are in his own words, he knew how to express himself in an interesting and picturesque manner. Dr. Evans's close attachment to Napoleon III. and his family, the confidential relations he maintained with other sovereigns and princely houses, and his large and intimate acquaintance among

the men and women who, from 1848 to 1870, were the governing powers in Europe, afforded him unusual opportunities of observing the evolution of political ideas and institutions in France, and the conditions and the causes that immediately preceded and determined the fall of the Second Empire as seen from within. No man, moreover, says his literary executor, "was better acquainted than he with what may be termed the moral atmosphere of the several Courts to which, for so many years, he was professionally attached."

In November, 1847, Dr. Evans went to Paris with his wife, he having accepted an invitation from Cyrus S. Brewster, an American dentist of repute then living in Paris, to become his professional associate. Dr. Brewster was the dentist of Napoleon III. when he was Prince Louis. The Prince sent for Dr. Brewster one day, but he was ill and could not go, and Dr. Evans went in his stead. He was kindly received by the Prince, who was then, as President of the French Republic, living in the Élysée Palace. Dr. Evans apparently gave satisfaction, for he was called in the next time the Prince needed a dentist. Not only was he called in professionally, but he was invited to tea on many occasions at a house in the Rue du Cirque, where the Prince was a frequent visitor.

This house [says Dr. Evans], in which Madame H— lived, was to him easy of access—a gate in the wall, enclosing the garden of the palace, opening on the street close to the house. There, free from the restraint of official surroundings, the Prince-President loved to take a cup of tea, or to sit during the whole evening sipping a cup of coffee, or smoking a cigarette, his black dog, a great favorite with him, sometimes at his feet, and sometimes on his knee.

The relations of the Prince and Madame H— were the subject of

* "Memoirs of Dr. Thomas W. Evans—The Second French Empire." Edited by Edward A. Crane. Illustrated. Appleton, \$3.00 net.

censure and even of scandal. The irregularity of the situation he himself recognized; but he "was too kind-hearted to break away from it without some strong and special motive." To use his own words, which Dr. Evans quotes from the Barrot "Memoirs":

Since, up to the present time, my position has prevented me from getting married; since, in the midst of all the cares of the Government, I have, unfortunately, in my country from which I have been so long absent, neither intimate friends nor the attachments of childhood, nor relatives to give me the comforts of a home, I think I can be pardoned an affection that harms no one, and which I have never sought to make public.

Dr. Evans was charmed with the Prince at his first interview. He found him an excellent listener to the conversation of others, and it was with the greatest interest that all listened to him when he chose to speak:

However light the subject, his remarks were never commonplace, but were often weighty, and always bore the impress of originality. There were times when he exhibited rare powers of description, and a delicate but lively appreciation of the humorous side of things; and other times—the subject moving him—when his earnest and kindly words and the sympathetic tones of his voice were irresistibly seductive, and we—hardly knowing why, whether we were captivated by the personality of the speaker, or surprised at the height to which he carried his argument—in wondering admiration sat in silence under the spell of the Charmer.

He talked with freedom of his past life in other countries, of Napoleon and of government in general; but spoke rarely and with more reserve about the French politics of the day.

At this time—while President of the Republic—the Prince had few intimate friends, and but very few acquaintances. At times he seemed to be oppressed with a sense of political isolation and loneliness, and more than once was heard to say sadly: "I do not know my friends, and my friends do not know me."

Dr. Evans was with the Prince on the morning preceding the night of the *coup d'état*. He writes:

I noticed that his manner and conversation were more than ordinarily affectionate. There were mo-

ments when he appeared to be thoughtful; as if there was something on his mind that he wished to speak about, and yet did not. When I was leaving he went with me to the door of his study, where I had been conversing with him, and then, placing his arm within my own, walked with me through the adjoining room. He knew that great events were about to happen, but this knowledge did not ruffle his serenity, or change in the least the suavity of his voice or the complaisance of his address. That evening there was a reception at the palace, and a crowd of people, his cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton, being present among the rest. No one had the slightest suspicion of the blow that was soon to fall; but just as the Duchess, with whom the Prince was talking, was about to leave, he said to her in the very quietest way, as he gave her his hand, with a kindly smile, "Mary, think of me to-night." Something in the tone of his voice, rather than the words, impressed her strongly. What could he mean? The next morning, when the Duchess awoke, she learned what was in the mind of the Prince when he bade her good-night, and was amazed at his extraordinary self-control, his seeming impassiveness, and the gentleness of his manner, at such a critical, decisive moment in his career.

One great claim upon Dr. Evans's affection was that although he was the Emperor's dentist he did not treat him as a servant.

I was richly repaid in many ways; but more especially by the direct support and encouragement he gave me in the practice of my art, and the social consideration he accorded to me, and, through me, to my profession.

Heretofore if a dentist was sent for to attend a patient he was expected to enter the house by the back-stairs, with the tailor and the butcher-boy; but with the Emperor Dr. Evans held no such position; he was invited to dinners and balls, and not only that, but he was the close friend and adviser of both their Majesties.

Never was a ruler judged more falsely than Napoleon III. [writes Dr. Evans]. He loved mankind, and was always thinking of ways in which he could benefit the people or make some one happy. On one occasion, after he had spoken of the condition of the laboring classes in France, and the measures that ought to be taken to raise the standard of living among the people generally, I ventured to say to him: "Why! your Majesty is almost a Socialist, your sympathies are always with the poor;

their welfare would seem to concern you more than anything else."

"It ought to," he replied. Was he not worthy of the title given to him by the people—"L'Empereur des Ouvriers"?

The Emperor, Dr. Evans assures us, hated to be shut up, and was never so happy as when he could get away from Paris and be in the open air. "He loved the country and country life. I have heard him say that he would have liked nothing better than to be a farmer."

The Emperor, according to Dr. Evans, was a most industrious man. He retired late and rose early. He was fond of writing and took great pleasure in sending to the press communications to be published anonymously. What he wrote was always well written. He needed no help in his literary work.

In writing of the character of the Emperor, Dr. Evans says he was slow to form friendships, but when once made they were lasting.

They were not broken by calumnious stories—these he never cared to listen to. "You have no need to defend yourself," he said one day to one of his friends; "the more they calumniate you, the more I love you."

The Emperor despised flattery and even the semblance of it. If the Emperor never forgot a kindness he never forgot an injury, and was as sensitive as a woman to personal offence.

If [says Dr. Evans] the ambition of Napoleon III. was equal to that of the first Napoleon, it was less personal and more scrupulous. If ambition led

to the downfall of the first Napoleon, pride may have been the cause of his own downfall.

Dr. Evans knew the Empress when she was Comtesse de Teba, long before her marriage to the Emperor; and he says that she was accustomed to come to his office and take her turn with his ordinary patients. After her marriage she sent to him to come to her, and almost apologized for so doing. Eugenie de Montijo was not so dazzled by the splendor of her new position as to forget the companions of her earlier and more simple life. The maid that she had had in her early days remained with her when she was Empress. She was a little woman, not in good health, fretful, irritable, and timid, but her devotion to her mistress was unquestioned.

"Yes" [said the Empress to me one day] "Pepa is timid; she starts at the rustling of a curtain, and turns pale at the moaning of the wind, and screams at the sight of a mouse, and is in a constant state of terror lest we should all be assassinated; but let her see or think that I am in any real danger—ah! then she is no longer afraid, but has the courage of a little lioness."

Of course, the most thrilling chapters in this book are those that describe the flight of the Empress to England at the time of the Commune. Had it not been for the American dentist the Empress Eugenie might have met the fate of Marie Antoinette at the hands of the mob, for it was to him that she went for protection when she found herself in the streets of Paris, alone and helpless.

II

The Delightful Brookfields Again

Any one who thinks that the subject of the Brookfields, and their relations to Thackeray and to literature in general, is exhausted, need but turn to these two large volumes* to find his

mistake. They are made up of letters written to and by the Brookfields, and are quite as interesting as any other Brookfield volumes that have been published; and this is paying them the highest compliment. There is, of course, much of Thackeray in these

*"Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." By Charles and Frances Brookfield. Two volumes, illustrated. Scribner. \$7.00 Net.

volumes; there is also much of Tennyson and Carlyle and of other contemporary men of letters.

There is not much in the way of notes required in these letters, for they speak for themselves. Here is one to Mrs. Brookfield, written in the spring of 1844. Mr. Brookfield tells of a dinner where he was placed

between a twaddling, benevolent, self-satisfied old Cheeryble, and a pilling surgeon. Lord Palmerston's speeches were amusing to me, as exhibiting how a Public Man, thoro'ly accustomed to speak, and not caring the shadow of a fraction of a hang whether he succeeded or not, would handle such flimsy topics. He did not excel, however, nor anybody else. Dickens spoke, shortly and well enough, but it had a cut and dried air, and rather pompous and shapely in its construction and delivered in a rather sonorous deep voice. Not a jot of humor in it. He looks like Milnes, same height and shape, still longer hair, but not his demoniacal good humor of expression.

The season of 1845 was spent by the Brookfields in London, where they had the most delightful sort of a time. They belonged to what Thackeray described as the "set"—a privileged few who passed their time in close and constant intimacy. Thackeray, for instance, was in the habit of breakfasting with the Brookfields every Saturday, but that regular engagement in no way prevented their all meeting at dinners there and in other places that same day as well as on most others. In a letter written by Mr. Brookfield to his mother, who had asked for a leaf from his diary, he tells of a dinner to meet Wordsworth and Tennyson, Gladstone and others. Later on in the summer Mr. Brookfield writes to his wife:

I did nothing in the world yesterday, but travel into the city to get a few good cigars cheap. In returning I asked Tom Taylor and his friend, Albert Smith, to look in and meet Thackeray, but neither came. Thack came at 11½ and sate till 1½—and going home (I find to-day) has sprained his ankle and must be laid up in lavender for some days. I told him it would make a capital advertisement for my Spirit Merchant. "Alarming accident to the Fat Contributor. Yesterday Evening, etc., late or rather early hours, etc., from the cheerful convivialities of a Revd. Gent. not 100 miles from Golden Square."

The next day he looked in upon Thackeray, who "has a box of grouse and bestows a brace upon himself and me at his chambers."

In another letter a dinner given by Tennyson is described by Mrs. Brookfield:

He consulted us as to a dinner he wished to give to a few intimate friends, ourselves amongst the number—my cousin Harry Hallam, also there. The invitations had all been accepted, and the day for the dinner had arrived, when, in the early part of the afternoon, my husband found Alfred Tennyson at his lodging, superintending the dismantling of his bedroom, with workmen taking down his bedstead; it had occurred to him that there was no drawing-room for the ladies he had invited, and that we should all have to meet together in his one sitting-room and remain there throughout the whole evening. My husband succeeded in persuading him to give up this chivalrous intention, and assured him we should enjoy the novelty of remaining in the dining-room. We had a most agreeable evening, and Alfred's hospitable anxiety on our behalf was entirely relieved, after all his perturbation, by the landlady placing her own private sitting-room at our service for the special occasion. I believe we were all surprised to find how perfectly everything had been arranged for this party of seven or eight guests. The dinner was excellent, the waiting admirable, and we found that Alfred had quietly secured the best possible assistance from outside resources.

The second volume of these letters is, if any thing, more interesting than the first. In one of these letters Mrs. Brookfield describes a dinner given to Miss Brontë, then in London practically for the first time:

There was just then a fashion for wearing a plait of hair across the head, and Miss Brontë, a timid little woman with a firm mouth, did not possess a large enough quantity of hair to enable her to form a plait, so therefore wore a very obvious crown of brown silk. Mr. Thackeray on the way down to dinner addressed her as Currer Bell. She tossed her head, and said "she believed there were books being published by a person named Currer Bell . . . but the person he was talking to was Miss Brontë—and she saw no connection between the two."

I cannot say that all of these letters are worth printing, but most of them are. Here is an amusing one from Mrs. Carlyle to Mr. Brookfield:

You are very absurd,—a great merit, let me tell you, in these sensible times! But you must not

come to-night! You must come to-morrow night or Monday night, because, you see, there are two "terrible blockheads" coming to-night by their own appointment, and Mr. C. says he "would n't for any consideration have Brookfield there along with such a pair of Jackasses!" I suggested that the very Jackassness of the people might amuse

you. But he declared, "No! No! such a combination is not to be thought of!"

These two volumes are enlivened by some unusually attractive portraits and sketches, some entirely new to print, others more familiar, but still rare.

The Editor's Clearing-House

A Plea for Old Favorites

THE successful re-publication of Mr. John Hay's "Castilian Days," a far better piece of work than his more widely-known "Pike County Ballads," leads one to the cheering belief that a good book, even though it be an old one, still stands a chance of being read, and that there may be a few discriminating persons who, weary of modern mediocre fiction, turn with pleasure to some of those old favorites which are in most cases only to be found upon the top shelves of old-fashioned libraries.

Novels depicting society are more evanescent in their interest than those portraying character, which makes it all the more surprising that Major L. W. M. Lockhart's "Fair to See" and "Mine Is Thine" should be so enjoyable to us. The life of the Highland gentry of fifty years ago is quite as interesting as those studies of peasant life which have enjoyed such vogue of late.

Recent events in South Africa have demonstrated the fact that there has been little change in the British Army since Braddock's defeat. Perhaps this accounts for the singularly modern flavor of Col. Bruce Hamley's military novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood," whose humor has stood the test of half a century wonderfully well. This book furnished Lester Wallack with material for "Rosedale," a play that, after forty years, still lives.

Coeval with "Lady Lee's Widowhood" are "Frank Fairleigh" and "Lewis Arundel," by Francis E. Smedley. Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Autobiography," speaks of meeting Smedley on the Continent, and of her surprise at finding that the man who

wrote so much of athletics and sport was so crippled that his limbs were supported by an iron frame. This recalls the fact that Alfred Ollivant, author of the delightful "Bob, Son of Battle," which breathes the very air of the moors, is an invalid who has only taken up writing since his back was injured by a fall from his horse.

Two novels much in vogue in England some forty years ago were "The Semi-Detached House," and "The Semi-Attached Couple." They were written by the Hon. Emily Eden, the daughter of Lord Auckland, and show a skill in character-drawing and a lightness of touch not common among women writers of that day. That they are pleasantly remembered by an older generation of readers is proved by the appearance, every now and then, in the literary columns of magazines, of inquiries as to where they may be obtained.

Fifty years ago few American writers dealt with society, but two books exist by which one can reconstruct the New York of that time. George William Curtis has been so identified with recent American literature that it is hard to realize that one of his most successful books was written in 1853, but "The Potiphar Papers" are still the authority on the parvenu society of that day. "The Upper Ten Thousand," by Charles Astor Bristed, originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and showed us life in New York when Bleeker Street was the dividing line between business and fashion, and Third Avenue was the speeding ground for trotters. A little later appeared that charming book, "The Sparrowgrass Papers," by Frederic S. Cozzens,

a New York merchant, the possession of which in a family argues at least two generations of literary discrimination. These papers were read by the author to his fellow-members of The Sketch Club, a body which afterwards developed into The Century Association. It was the pioneer of books on country life and is written with that appreciation of nature and sympathy with children that have become a marked feature of recent literature. Even "The Child's Garden of Verses" contains nothing more graceful or more truly childlike than the lines which Mr. Sparrowgrass wrote at his little boy's request, for his sweetheart:

Chocolate-drop of my heart!

I dare not breathe thy name;

Like a peppermint stick I stand apart

In a sweet, but secret flame.

And I thought, as I swung on the gate

In the cold, by myself alone,

How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,

But the bitter keeps on and on.

"Emily Chester," by a Mrs. Crane of Baltimore, showed ability of no common order. It was one of the first of those psychological novels which have always been liked in this country and which have been pushed to their farthest development in the latest stories of Mr. Henry James. In "Emily Chester" the heroine is beloved by two men, one of whom appeals to her very strongly on her mental and spiritual side, but whose personality is disagreeable to her, while the other, although much inferior to his rival, satisfies her æsthetic sense. The struggle between the two sides of her nature forms the interest of the story and created something of a sensation when such problems were not as often made the theme of fiction as they now are.

It was a real pleasure to read again Mrs. Brush's delightful story, "The Colonel's Opera Cloak," reprinted within the last two years. The shiftless Southern family, planted in a keen New England community, the terrible children, their inefficient mother, and the old darky Pomp, the real hero of

the book, are all drawn with a skill and feeling that atone for the slender thread of plot. So far this book has escaped the dramatizer, though it contains the material for a good comedy.

The old-fashioned juvenile book would hardly be popular nowadays. Would the modern child, who demands a "Young Chauffeur Series," or "The Young Trust Breaker," have any patience with Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy" or "Frank"? I am afraid not, although most children like "The Parents' Assistant," in spite of its title. But surely "Holiday House," with the immortal Mrs. Crabtree hectoring poor Harry and Laura, would still find readers, for the book is rich in that spirit of childish mischief which is confined to no time or country and pervades "Max und Moritz" as well as "Buster Brown."

To the many distracted elders seeking suitable Christmas books for their young friends, a new edition of "The William Henry Letters," by Mrs. Diaz, would be a godsend. William Henry is a plain average boy who is sent to boarding-school, whence he writes these letters to his family, illustrating them himself. The book contains no melodramatic incidents; only the usual round of schoolboy life, but William Henry, Dorry, and their friends are far better worth knowing than the mawkish Elsie and be-curled Fauntleroys of a later day.

MARY K. FORD.

A Burst of Enthusiasm

It was with a sense of keen disappointment that one of THE CRITIC'S faithful readers, who had been looking forward to the December issue for a satisfying critique on "The House of Mirth," laid down the number after reading the half page which alone was given to the consideration of that novel. It may be that to others beside Miss Dunbar Mrs. Wharton's last book is not a "great novel" but there are certainly those to whom it seems entitled to that rank. I, for one, must take issue with that statement as well as with others made in the criticism referred to. I cannot agree for instance that my inter-

est in the book arose either from "curiosity" or "moral enthusiasm" or a mixture of both. There can be no question as to the supreme excellence of the book as a work of art; its technique, its style, are incomparable: but its chief charm does not after all lie in these. That, it seems to me, is the fact that, while reading it, one has the sense that one is living life, not reading about it, and is n't that the greatest possible test?

Are all "the figures" again, "of one exceedingly unpleasant tone"? Does Gerty Farish fall under that head or Selden or even Rosedale, one of the strongest as he is surely the frankest character in the book? As to the heroine, I find myself utterly at variance with the opinions of the critic. If I ever felt on terms of "real intimacy" with any one in a book it is with Lily Bart; as a matter of fact I feel better acquainted with her than with half of the real women I know. So far from thinking of her as "gloved, veiled, and on her guard," I live, with her, through all her little triumphs and failures, sympathize with her hurt pride, skilfully hid under a calm and smiling exterior, deplore her inconsistencies and changes of purpose, feel sorry for her faults and mistakes, for which she is honest enough to take the blame herself, and glory in her ultimate triumph. I use the word advisedly. Think to what depths she, with her inherited tendencies and in the midst of that artificial environment, might have fallen and how, after all, in every crisis of temptation, she did hold on to the best that was in her, sacrificing wealth, position, a life of ease—all that she had

been taught to think of as of the most worth—so to do. Not one "unlovely thing" about or in her has been suppressed, never was author more honest with her readers than Mrs. Wharton has been in this regard; you see right into the heart, mind, and soul of this woman, and what do you read at the end? Not failure to my mind, but success, not as the world counts it to be sure, but success of the spirit. She keeps her true self, her noblest self, inviolate through all the petty ignominies as well as the great disasters that fall to her lot. To find her equal in fiction one must turn to George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, or George Meredith; no other writers of English have done such justice to their women characters.

If the book as a whole may be regarded as a "castigation of the fast set," it is the most skilfully written sermon yet presented on this text. There is no lecturing, no cant, no tedious or cynical dissertations on its morals or lack of morals. The picture simply is before you, you may look or you may pass it by. I would recommend a perusal of the book to all those on the lower rungs of the ladder whose greatest ambition is to achieve the top.

I cannot, in conclusion, refrain from voicing my admiration for the courage, no less than for the art of Mrs. Wharton's performance,—courage of a high order, for what she attempted demanded not only great skill but genius, for if she had failed not only her position in letters but in society would have been hazardous—but she has not failed.

Alice May Boutell.

The Book-Buyer's Guide

ART

Cram—Impressions of Japanese Architecture and the Allied Arts. By Ralph Adams Cram. Illus. Baker Taylor. \$2.00 net. The general reader as well as students of this subject will find Mr. Cram's book interesting and instructive.

Dick—Arts and Crafts of Old Japan. By Stewart Dick. McClurg. \$1.20.

After the scores of books on Japanese art and art industry, and by men who on the ground have studied the art of Nippon, this book seems shallow and of slight value. It scarcely penetrates the surface and is but a primer for belated beginners. Nevertheless, being illustrated and written in straightforward style, it may serve a good purpose in opening some eyes. Unlike the author, who apparently thinks that more fresh air and a world-wide outlook "gave the death-blow to Japanese art," we believe that this manifestation of the deathless spirit of Yamato may yet have a grander expansion while taking a higher flight. As matter of fact, apart from the auction mart Japanese art is handsomely holding its own even if its more recent manifestations abide at home and do not go globe-trotting for the delectation of aliens.

Henderson—Constable. By M. Sturge Henderson. Scribner. \$2.00 net.

This volume, one of a long series on the art of the many ages, deals adequately with its subject, "Constable." The author not only indulges in restrained criticism, but presents the actions and interests of the artist in a vivid and chronological manner. The half-tones are carefully made and of sufficient size.

Hill—Pisanello. By G. F. Hill. Scribner. \$2.00 net.

This book is a companion to that on "Constable" in manner of treatment and in form as one of the series of Lives of Artists. Pisanello, the painter and the medallist, together with his brother workers upon the little reliefs, have been comprehended here in a distinct and lucid manner.

Leech—Pictures of Life and Character. By John Leech. Putnam. \$1.50.

"There is far more fun, good drawing, more good sense, more beauty in John Leech's *Punch* pictures than in all the Art Union illustrations, engravings, statuettes, &c., put together," said Dr. John Brown, and any one who is fortunate enough to possess this handy little volume of Leech's inimitable contributions to *Punch* will surely agree with him. It is a book full of enjoyment.

Parsons—Catalogue of the Gardiner Greene Hubbard Collection of Engravings. Compiled by Arthur Jeffrey Parsons. Government Printing Office.

A most carefully studied and printed book on this very detailed subject.

Ransom—Couches and Beds of the Greeks, Etruscans, and Romans. By Caroline L. Ransom. University of Chicago Press. \$4.50 net.

Though this book was begun as an archaeological study it should appeal to any lay reader at all interested in such a subject. The work contains not only a chronological survey of the various forms, but, in another portion, longer discussions of details. The whole has been unusually well illustrated with many carefully made half-tones and line cuts.

BELLES-LETTRES

Alexander—Il Libro D'Oro. Translated by Francis Alexander. Little, Brown. \$2.00.

A very unusual collection of more than one hundred and twenty miracle stories and sacred legends written by fathers of the church and published in Italy, in the XVIth, XVIIth, and XVIIIth centuries.

Bronson—English Essays. Selected and edited by Walter C. Bronson. Holt. \$1.25.

A book intended for use with college classes in literature, and containing some of the best specimens of the essay from Elizabethan days down to the present time—from Bacon and Milton to Pater and Stevenson. These fill 360 pages, to which 40 of critical and explanatory notes are appended. The book is well suited to its special purpose, and should also be welcome to the general reader who is interested in this line of literature.

Cadogan—Makers of Modern History. By Edward Cadogan. Pott. \$2.25 net.

Three essays of moderate compass on Louis Napoleon, Cavour, and Bismarck, three men who were eminently "makers of history" in three countries and, indeed, in all Europe. Their biographies written at full length would be a complete history of the period in which they lived, and these scholarly studies of their personality, their work, and their influence, though not in any sense a substitute for histories properly so-called, are well suited to stimulate interest in the study of such literature.

Coudert—Addresses by Frederic R. Coudert. Putnam. \$2.50.

This lawyer made an unusual name for himself at the New York bar. Those of his speeches that seemed most popular, most serious, most worth publishing have been included in this volume. Arbitration and International Law, History and Biography, Morals and Social Problems and Social Organizations, all are dealt with in his strong, and clear-headed, manner.

Dawson—The Makers of English Fiction. By W. J. Dawson. Revell. \$1.50 net.

These direct, clear, simple, literary criticisms

of seventeen of the first names in the history of English fiction plus three more general chapters must take their place among the best literature of their class. The author refrains from wild theories or strange deductions, and is exempt from bias towards any especial domain of letters. Mr. Dawson uses his common-sense to guide himself and his followers to the true value of books.

Dickinson—A Modern Symposium. By G. Lowes Dickinson. McClure. \$1.00.

A series of political and sociological reflections presented in the form of discussions between imaginary speakers. A suggestive little volume, well-worth reading.

Dunn—Cicero in Maine. By Martha Baker Dunn. Houghton. \$1.25.

A collection of essays on not unusual topics, rather too self-consciously light and airy in tone. Most of the papers are personal and reminiscent, and all seem untouched by imagination and unsubdued by reflection. Mrs. Dunn has hardly the temper of an essayist. The fluency, humor, and homely wisdom which these papers show might be employed at better advantage, one would suppose, in writing fiction. Many of the essays have been published in the *Atlantic*.

James—The Question of Our Speech. The Lesson of Balzac. By Henry James. Houghton. \$1.00 net.

There is no doubt whatever that we—even the best educated of us—are far from accurate in our speech. Of course, conversation has its permitted liberties, and it is not desirable that a copy-book correctness should rule. But there is a distinction between ease and slovenliness. Mr. James is evidently inclined to believe that this distinction is less well observed by Americans than by Englishmen; and coming here after so long an absence he ought to be a good judge. At all events, his criticisms are reasonable and his advice is salutary. In the same volume is printed the paper on Balzac recently published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The French novelist has had an influence upon Mr. James so potent that his assumption that his methods are the last word in the novelist's art is not surprising. But a saner view, perhaps, is that, great as Balzac was, and close as was his analysis of life as he saw it, he still falls a little short of that humanizing touch which raises genius to the first degree of power. His admirers can never make the world in general believe that he holds the supreme place which Mr. James would give him.

Lecky—Washington. By W. E. H. Lecky. Century. 75 cts.

An essay upon the character of Washington from "A History of England in the Eighteenth Century," by W. E. H. Lecky, now placed in the Thumb Nail Series, a volume of pocket size.

Marvin—The Companionship of Books. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Putnam. \$1.25.

These are very brief and modest essays, whose author seems to prefer throwing out suggestions to developing them showily. A very great number of topics are covered in its volume, and the curious reader will find a charm in its miscellaneousness. There is no little suggestiveness in these sincere fragments of literature.

Pais—Ancient Legends of Roman History. By Ettore Pais. Dodd, Mead. \$4.00 net.

From a number of lectures chiefly given at the Lowell Institute of Boston the author has constructed an exhaustive volume on the very early Roman legends which formed the substratum of later political and social development. Professor Pais has made deep researches on his subject in Italy and Sicily and goes extensively into much dubious and detailed ground. The book is a scholarly one, essentially for the scholar.

Platt—Bacon Cryptograms in Shakespeare. By Isaac Hull Platt. Small, Maynard. \$1.00.

Sundry old fooleries in the "cipher" line, with a few new ones of the same sort, set forth in better typography than such stuff deserves.

Sheldon—A Study of the Divine Comedy of Dante. By Walter Sheldon. Weston. 50 cts.

Four lectures intended for beginners in the study of Dante, but treating the subject mainly from an ethical point of view.

Stevenson—Edinburgh. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Lippincott. \$1.00.

A pleasant re-edition of a charming essay by a master of style.

Trent—Greatness in Literature. By W. P. Trent. Crowell. \$1.30 net.

Professor Trent has in the main high ideals of culture, and in these papers there is pleasant discourse about the masters of literature, the methods of literary study, and the relations of literature and science. He is not here addressing critics, but students, and much that seems elementary is consequently appropriate enough. His protest against impressionism in criticism and his plea for standards of "greatness" are well judged. But the distinctions he makes between the "supremely great," the "very great," the "great," the "important," and the "minor" writers are rather mechanical. It is difficult to appraise literature in such a fashion. No one will deny that Shakespeare belongs in the first class; but it is not so certain that Lucretius is superior to Horace or Wordsworth inferior to Spenser. Such labels sometimes refuse to stick. Professor Trent's practice is indeed better than his precept, for he has a good word to say for the *dis minores* who, with all their faults, may still touch a sympathetic chord in us. His views of the way literature should be taught

are in the main sound. Neither philological analysis nor "chatter about Harriet" is calculated to impart the sense of literary values.

Wagner—Justice. By Charles Wagner. McClure. \$1.00 net.

How little effect popular education has had upon popular culture is illustrated by the success of the books of Pastor Wagner. In this volume, as in "The Simple Life," the obvious is set forth in the most obvious manner. Much that is said is sensible enough; but surely there needs no ghost come from the grave to tell it us. "Justice" is a pretty little volume which will satisfy certain modest ideas of a Christmas gift. It would be ridiculous, were it less painful, to reflect that its author has been hailed in this country as an apostle of a new and wonderful gospel.

BIOGRAPHY

Bielschowsky—The Life of Goethe. By Albert Bielschowsky. Putnam. Vol. I. \$3.50. To be reviewed at length later.

Boswell—Life of Johnson. By James Boswell. Frowde. \$1.00.

A reprint of the third edition of this famous biography edited under the superintendence of Edmund Malone, in 1799.

Browne—A Bibliography of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Compiled by Nina E. Browne. Houghton. \$3.00.

This book begins a series of bibliographies of authors prominent in fiction. They are to be brought out in special editions where great attention will be given to material, arrangement, and general display.

De Wertheimer—The Duke of Reichstadt. By Edward de Wertheimer. Lane. \$5.00.

Though numbering only twenty-one years, the life of Napoleon's son fills a large volume, by reason of the intrigues of which he was the centre throughout his tragic and pathetic existence. The great Emperor's second marriage, his downfall and captivity, the despicable weakness of Marie Louise, and the anxiety through all Europe to obliterate remembrance of Napoleon by coercion, and almost imprisonment of his son, give interest to a volume for which a searching inquiry has been made in State and private archives. No pains have been spared to give a fair account of the Duke of Reichstadt's life, and all associated with it. Numerous illustrations adorn the book.

Gosse—Sir Thomas Browne. By Edmund Gosse. Macmillan. 75 cts. net.

Sir Thomas has been fortunate in his biographers and editors, but there was none the less room for a compact account of his life and work like this latest addition to the "English Men of Letters" series. It has been prepared with excellent taste and judgment, as we might expect from Mr. Gosse.

Margoliouth—Mohammed and the Rise of Islam. By D. S. Margoliouth. Putnam. \$1.35 net.

The fortieth volume in the "Heroes of the Nations," a series notable for the uniformly high character of its successive issues, and every way deserving the general favor it has won among the best class of readers. The series should be in every home and school library, as of course it is sure to be in all public libraries.

North—Old Greek: An Old-time Professor in an Old-fashioned College. A Memoir of Edward North. By S. N. D. North. McClure. \$3.50.

It would hardly seem possible that the life of a teacher in a small college, quite unknown outside of his limited local surroundings, could have any special interest except for his old students; but the book is a delightful picture of the man and the teacher, his influence on all who were associated with him; and incidentally a striking illustration of the educational value of the small college as distinguished from the great universities. The selections from his lectures and other writings show that he was not merely an "Old Greek," of the best type, but a man of the broadest culture and the widest literary and social sympathies.

Page—The Chief American Poets: Selected Poems. Edited by Curtis Hidden Page. Houghton. \$1.75 net.

Like his "British Poets," this is not a comprehensive anthology, but deals, as its title indicates, with a select few. Here in a single volume we have what the editor believes to be all of the best work of the nine American poets whom he regards as "chief." These are Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, and Lanier. Here are nearly 45,000 lines of verse, over 12,000 of which are Longfellow's. The selections have been made with good taste and judgment and the notes are ample and to the point.

Skae—The Life of Mary Queen of Scots. By Hilda T. Skae. Lippincott. \$1.25 net.

It cannot be said that Miss Skae sheds any new light on Mary's history. The old story is merely retold, all the romantic facts being presented, and the question of Mary's guilt or innocence remaining as great an enigma as ever.

Sorrel—Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer. By Gen. G. M. Sorrel. Neale. \$2.00.

One of the best of the recent books on the Civil War as seen from the Southern side, giving an inside view of camp life from the general's quarters, and military movements and experiences from the same point of view, with graphic sketches of many of the leading Confederate commanders.

Trollope—Autobiography of Anthony Trollope.
Dodd, Mead. \$1.25.
A new edition of an already well-known and entertaining autobiography.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

Gerould—Sir Guy of Warwick. By Gordon Hall Gerould. McNally. \$1.00.
A simply retold tale of a knight whose fame was the heritage of two nations. Many would find it tedious to read of the hero's one love and many adventures in the unfamiliar tongues of the old romances, and to these the present author has brought a portion of bygone flavor qualified of necessity by the modern form of the text. The woodcut illustrations are adapted to the nature of the subject.

Harrison—The Moon Princess. By Edith Ogden Harrison. McClurg. \$1.25 net.
With a simple, unaffected style the writer has narrated a child's story of lively interest. The pictures in color and line are unusual for such a work.

Mabie—Myths Every Child Should Know.
Selected and edited by Hamilton W. Mabie. Doubleday, Page. 90 cts. net.
The matter is taken from Hawthorne, Church (Homeric Stories), Kingsley (Greek Heroes), and other standard sources; and the book is well suited for both home and school reading.

St. John—The Face in the Pool. A Faerie Tale. By J. Allen St. John. McClurg. \$1.50.
This Faery tale with text and illustrations by the same hand shows that Mr. St. John is a better writer than illustrator. The story possesses charm of imagination, and the volume has been edited as a holiday book with several colored half-tones as well as line cuts.

FICTION

Barry—Our Best Society. By John D. Barry. Putnam. \$1.50.
A sprightly and acute narrative of the social and literary adventures of a young dramatist and his wife, first published as a serial in *THE CRITIC*. The tragi-comedies of such an existence have been capably realized by the anonymous author and relentlessly put forth. Most observers of the social phenomena of contemporary New York are already familiar with the type of that ingenuous young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Foster, who are pictured here. From first to last, the book touches upon a remarkable variety of social phases and is undoubtedly a valuable document of certain manners and points of view of our day and section. Considered as a novel, the book lacks conventional structure and plot, but so does the life it discriminatingly portrays.

Beaconsfield—Coningsby. By the Earl of Beaconsfield. Lane. 75 cts.
A small and new edition of a novel famous in 1844.

Cabell—The Line of Love. By James Branch Cabell. Harper. \$2.00.

Seven mediæval love-stories, told with much grace and spirit. They have throughout a distinct and agreeable flavor and are embellished with illustrations in color by Howard Pyle. An interesting contribution to romantic literature, not beyond popular understanding and enjoyment. The book is elaborately issued in a holiday edition.

Connolly—The Deep Sea's Toll. By James B. Connolly. Scribner. \$1.50.

These short stories tell of the lives of the Gloucester fisherman, and are full of tragedy, pathos, and human nature. They are written with a good deal of spirit, and while much that they contain is incomprehensible to the ordinary land-lubber, there is enough left to reach the hearts of most ordinary mortals.

Gardiner—The Heart of a Girl. By Ruth Kimball Gardiner. Barnes. \$1.50.

This contribution to child psychology is not meant for children, although the title will undoubtedly induce parents to buy it for that purpose. All of Mrs. Gardiner's gifts of intuition, memory, imagination, and observation have been marshalled in the depiction of Margaret Carlin, and her years of training in the art of writing stand her in good stead. The picture is of a clever child, not particularly lovable, but attractive, nevertheless. The games, the superstitions, the habits of thought of an active-minded girl are here surprisingly related. The precise nature of all the details perhaps makes the length of the story somewhat of an obstacle, but the rare quality of charm which made "Richard Practicing" one of the best short stories of the year when it appeared in the *Century Magazine* is here present also, even if in more diluted quantity.

Mills—Caroline of Courtlandt Street. By Weymer J. Mills. Harper. \$2.00 net.

A romantic tale of New York City in the olden time (but good for any other latitude) which would be attractive in plain every-day dress, but is peculiarly so in its novel and charming holiday garb, with delicate and dainty borders of exquisite tint on every page and full-page artistically colored illustrations.

Phillips—The Social Secretary. By David Graham Phillips. With eleven illustrations by Clarence E. Underwood. Decorations by Ralph Fletcher Seymour. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.00.

An entertaining, breezy story, written from a woman's point of view, evidently by a man, even though it were anonymous, and (evidently) by a Yale man (see page 33). A Washington society girl of diminished fortune but undisputed position pilots a Western Senator and his wife through the perils of a winter in the Capital. He had piled up a fortune and bought his way into the Senate. She possessed "bottled" hair and a lovable

disposition. There is a son—but that is the same old story. The insight into political life is entertaining. Western writers would give us greater cause for appreciation, however, if they would only rectify the provincialism “all afternoon.” Mr. Underwood’s illustrations add to the book. The styles in women’s clothes are not recent to be sure, but they are graceful. And a “real lady” does not hold her hand-bag by the chain.

Phillipotts—Knock at a Venture. By Eden Phillipotts. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Though Mr. Phillipotts writes almost entirely of Dartmoor, he never permits his readers to wish that he might change his theme. He is, in fact, always at his best when dealing with the Devonshire peasant, and with each new book that comes from his pen is renewed in us wonder that he can give such variety to types that are essentially the same. The beautiful descriptions of scenery and weather that he has made familiar abound in these short stories, but it is to be regretted that his tendency to botanize shows no diminution. In his sincere love and knowledge of Nature, Mr. Phillipotts forgets that the average reader cannot follow him, and does not even know the names of most of the flowers that he so minutely describes as to suggest a botanists’ calendar to the uninitiated. But his peasants are inimitable. The stories are of many kinds, though the tragic note prevails, the tragedy of primeval natures. The human knowledge is still here, the insight into woman’s complex nature, and the humor. The dialogue between the two old men at the burial of Amos Thorn, in “Jonas and Dinah,” is itself sufficient to convince us that Mr. Phillipotts’s hand has in no wise lost its cunning.

Sterling—Shakespeare’s Sweetheart. By Sara Hawks Sterling. Jacobs. \$2.50.

Here the reader is led to believe that Ben Jonson asked Anne Hathaway to tell her love story and then to file it away in a London vault where it was recently discovered. The tale has been told in a quaint, old-fashioned atmosphere that cannot but be pleasing. Miss C. E. Peck, the illustrator, with her drawings in color and marginal decorations, proves herself a woman of unusual talent for her task with a sentiment to conceive and a power of drawing to execute.

Thackeray—The History of Henry Esmond. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Ginn. \$1.50.

An edition of the classic novel especially adapted to meet the needs of high-school classes with unusually helpful notes.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

Atkinson—The Philippine Islands. By Fred W. Atkinson. Ginn. \$3.00.

Rising like a solid pyramid out of the readable and shallow, and the pragmatic, official, and unreadable mass of articles and publications on the Philippines, is this book of the first

general superintendent of American education in the Dewey archipelago. He is a stalwart for the continuance of the policy of the administration as inaugurated by McKinley and carried out under Roosevelt and Taft. Here we have something definite and clear, yet comprehensive, with copious illustration of the text by half-tone reproductions of photographs. Literary proportion is well observed. One third of the matter treats of geography, history, and of the factors which slowly working during ages have made the Filipino what he is. Analyzing the humanity, the author believes in him, the average islander, as an improvable specimen of the race and his enthusiasm is contagious. This is a wholesome, stimulating, enjoyable book, the ripe fruit of an earnest worker, a lover of ideals, yet a master of facts. It is a real illuminator of the theme treated.

Curtis—Egypt, Burma, and British Malaysia. By William Eleroy Curtis. Revell. \$2.00.

Far apart and to the American eye unconnected in alien thought or mutual interests, at first sight, seem these lands described by the Chicago *Herald-Record’s* argus-eyed correspondent. In reality, the Nile land, the sapphire country, and the federated Malay States are all one in their illustration of the British genius for governing various races and of substantial success in practice. Not that Mr. Curtis approves, either in snap judgment or reflection after near-at-hand examination and wide experience of observation, of all that John Bull does. He is at times as severe, and perhaps as far “off” as are Mr. Alleyne Ireland’s amazingly English interpretations of American colonial administration. Yet Mr. Curtis is usually very fair and generously appreciative. Apart from his judgments, his descriptions are vivid, rich in color, and while his eyes are as restless as a Tartar’s, his pen—pardon, we mean his type-writer key—makes reading as pleasant as it is easy. This is the latest and best literary photograph of the contemporary British protectorates here so agreeably treated.

Healy—The Valerian Persecution. By Patrick J. Healy, D.D. Houghton. \$1.50.

It tends to prejudice a fair-minded student, who inquires for science, to find ecclesiastical permission to print given in Latin on the fly-leaf. The more “authority” the less truth—perhaps. In fact, however, Dr. Healy’s book is a genuine contribution to a study of the relations of Church and State in the Roman Empire of the third century. The data of actual martyrdom seem scanty as compared with the copiousness of official documents on the Government’s side. It may be that a more thorough acquaintance with the facts of later persecutions may show that Dr. Healy possibly exaggerates the relative severity of the first general onslaught of force against conscience. However, it may be that the scholarly work before us is of the highest value and timeliness. The same questions which the author handles with such

scholarly insight and patient detail have emerged in Japan within our memory, while in China this is the question of questions to the missionary and teacher. Chinese orthodoxy and State religion, besides being one, are, in historic view if not to prophetic insight, as cruel, bloody, and uncompromising as was that of old Rome, though few but the scholar of native text and record realize this. A hearty welcome to such books which, buried at birth to the crowd, are beacon lights to the statesman and thinker. Christianity and Paganism are opposed systems, hence their collision, while persecution may arise from patriotism rather than despotic malice or fanatical hatred. Both in acuteness and erudition this book is a leader.

Hulbert—Washington and the West. Edited by Archer B. Hulbert. Century. \$2.00 net.

A careful reprint of Washington's Diary of September, 1784, kept during his journey into the Ohio Basin, in the interest of a commercial union between the Great Lakes and the Potomac; with a scholarly commentary thereupon by Mr. Hulbert, who is well-known by his "Historic Highways of America." The Diary richly deserves reproduction, and the commentary is in appropriate keeping. The book is illustrated with maps, a view of Washington's Mill, etc.

Lowery—The Spanish Settlements within the Present Limits of the United States: Florida, 1562-1574. By Woodbury Lowery. Putnam. \$2.50 net.

A continuation of the author's previous volume, which covered the Spanish settlements from 1513 to 1561; and one of the most valuable and interesting of recent works on the early discovery and settlement of our national territory. Besides what strictly pertains to the settlement of Florida, it reviews the relations of Spanish policy with French aggression in North America, and tells the story of the French missions in the region north of Florida as well as in that colony.

Mignet—Histoire de la Révolution Française. By François A. M. Mignet. Clarendon Press. 75c.

Mignet's classic is edited and annotated by M. A. Dupuis, B.A. The portion given begins with the opening of the States-General, and ends with the death of Louis XVI. No better selection could have been made for students who desire to acquire a literary knowledge of the French language.

Nitobé—Bushido: the Soul of Japan. By Inazo Nitobé. Putnam. \$1.25.

A revised and enlarged edition of a book the peculiar charm of which has been widely recognized. "Bushido" is the Japanese feudal equivalent of "chivalry"; and it embodies "the maxims of educational training brought to bear on the Samurai, or warrior class" of the nation. It is a timely publication just now, when everything connected with Japan

is attracting universal attention. An introduction by William Elliott Griffis, author of "The Religion of Japan," adds materially to its value and interest.

Outram—In the Heart of the Canadian Rockies. By James Outram. Macmillan. \$3.00.

An interesting account of a climbing trip through the Canadian Rockies with maps and good illustrations from photographs.

Reinsch—Colonial Administration. By Paul S. Reinsch. Macmillan. \$1.50.

This volume distinctly meets the demands of early students of political evolution, but, quite as distinctly, deals with its subject in too dry a manner to appeal to the reader with only a vague desire for an understanding of the question. Education, colonial finance, banking, currency, commerce, agriculture, labor, and land are taken up, and minutely examined with a care and exactness that requires application to follow.

Thayer—A Short History of Venice. By W. R. Thayer. Macmillan. \$1.25.

This condensed, straightforward volume should meet with the demands of anyone looking for a "first book," on the subject. It would set his mind free from misconceptions of the history of the city of islands, from the time of the invasion of Attila till its subjection by the House of Hapsburg.

MISCELLANEOUS

Allen—American Book-Plates. By Charles Dexter Allen. Macmillan. \$2.50.

Charles Dexter Allen's useful "American Book-Plates," originally published in 1894, has been reprinted. It is still the only book on the subject and serves its purpose well as an indispensable book of reference. Of course, designers—such as J. W. Spencely and Sidney L. Smith—have come into prominence since 1894, and the bibliography of the subject has been increased during the last ten years by monographs such as Lempert's catalogue of the works of E. D. French, and considerable magazine literature. Death has taken off some noted collectors here mentioned, such as S. P. Avery and E. H. Bierstadt. All of this does not impair the usefulness of this book for the long period which it covers. The varied interest inherent in *ex-libris* is emphasized by chapters on "mottos," "armorial book-plates," "allegorical plates," "early American engravers," etc. The index is satisfactory, although it might have been well to include the illustrations in the same.

Ames—Matrimonial Primer. By V. B. Ames; with a pictorial Matrimonial Mathematics. Decorations by Gordon Ross. Paul Elder. \$1.50.

A collection of maxims alphabetically arranged, and specially designed for the married. "M," for instance, "is for Money and Mothers-in-law," etc., and the advice to the wife is,

"When your husband seems willing that all the economy shall be at the home end, insist upon laundering his shirts yourself." This sort of thing goes through the alphabet.

Anonymous—The Long Day. The Story of a New York Working Girl as told by Herself. Century. \$1.20.

Upon reading this record of a working girl's life in New York, one unconsciously marvels that such experiences could have been endured by the refined, sensitive, educated woman indicated by the style of the narrative. Why did she not return to her Pennsylvania home rather than continue to face the evils of the city? Unlike most present writers upon sociological subjects, she did not descend from her proper rank in the city to live in the conditions and thus describe them. She was a country school-teacher who came to the city to make her way.

That she saw underpaid life in many of its worst forms there is no doubt: as a laborer in a sweat-shop, in lining jewel-boxes, as a "shaker" in a steam laundry, and as an inmate of a working-girl's home. The sordid detail and squalor are described with painful minuteness. The Epilogue is the most valuable part of the book to the reformer, for the author puts her finger upon the evils of workaday life for New York girls: most of them have not learned to work, therefore they fail and turn to the easiest life for maintenance. The average working girl, she believes, is even more poorly equipped for right living and thinking than she is for intelligent industrial effort. Obscene stories are listened to, because they cannot be avoided. She deplors the absence of trades-unions such as exist in Chicago and other Western cities. She advocates free kindergartens and working-girls' hotels, which should be non-sectarian and without rules except of decent conduct, where there is a "parlor" to keep girls off the street and avoid the necessity of using their bedrooms for callers. She advocates greater interest in the workwoman on the part of the Church, and the dissemination of better literature—not of the Shakespeare, Ruskin, and Pater type. The whole pathetic little tale recalls the recent masterly piece of fiction by "O. Henry," in which the girl is saved from a step downward by a rude chromo of Lord Kitchener, who seemed to look displeasure as she was dressing to spend an evening with her tempter. As a human document this is an important piece of work.

Bryce—Constitutions. By James Bryce. Oxford University Press. \$1.50.

A reprint virtually in its original form of an already famous volume.

Clute—The Fern Allies, of North America North of Mexico. By Willard Nelson Clute. Stokes. \$2.00.

The wild flowers and ferns have received ample attention, but heretofore the fern-allies have been treated only in so technical a manner as to discourage the novice. This volume aims to describe all this species of

plant carefully and correctly, with the aid of more than one hundred and fifty illustrations, and in a manner to encourage the beginner in this study.

Dixon—The Life Worth Living. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page. \$1.25.

An ingenious volume, setting forth the beauty, the comfort, and the cost of Mr. Dixon's home at Tidewater, Virginia. Numerous photographs display interiors and exteriors of the house as well as bits of landscape; and represent Mr. Dixon's children engaged in various sports. Mr. Dixon does not tell the city-bound, whom he loudly pities, how they may escape from bondage; so the recital of his own contentment may be found of no particular philanthropic value.

Goodhue—Good Things and Graces. By Isabel Goodhue. Paul Elder. 50 cts.

This little book of amusing epigrams cast in the mould of cooking recipes has a flavor that escapes many a more pretentious effort of its class.

Heilprin—A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by Angelo Heilprin and Louis Heilprin. Lippincott.

With the year 1905 Lippincott's pronouncing gazetteer celebrates its semi-centennial, its first edition having been printed in 1855. The book as it stands to-day after many editions is a monument to editors and publishers alike. It has proved its reliability through the ages and is invaluable as a book of reference. The latest changes in geographical conditions are to be found in this new edition.

Henry—Lodgings in Town. By Arthur Henry. Barnes. \$1.50.

The fifteen reproductions from photographs of New York and Mr. Everett Shinn's frontispiece of Trinity Church on New Year's Eve (which should be in color) would make this little book valuable as a souvenir of New York, even though the style of the text were not as engagingly frank and direct as it is. A wave of sentiment seizes the reader even in the dedication "To an optimistic Country and 'Little old New York,'" and if he happens to live within sight of Diana on the Tower, the Flatiron, and the ceaselessly plashing fountain seen through the autumn haze in Madison Square, he feels the grip of all that the book describes, for he is near enough one of the pulses of the city to throb with all the life that centres there.

Johnson—An Old Man's Idyl. By Wolcott Johnson. McClurg. \$1.00 net.

A simple record of an uneventful married life of some thirty years, including a honeymoon in Europe and happy home life with wife and children; bearing internal evidence of being founded upon actual experience, and appealing to readers whose domestic history has been of the same character. Others, who have not "been there," may think it dull and common-place, or possibly over-sentimental.

Lankester—Extinct Animals. By E. Ray Lankester. Holt. \$1.75.

A boy or girl at all interested in natural history will find Professor Lankester's "Extinct Animals" a delight. Externally, there is little to suggest that it is designed for young people, but from decorous cover to cover the book is filled with photographs and drawings of the curious "reconstructed" creatures. Though of scientific importance, these grotesque and astonishing forms are fascinating to a child, and their charms have too long been the exclusive property of paleontologists. The book is no "first steps in paleontology," it is simply a portrait gallery with a brief description of each subject. That the lucid, comprehensible text is, being Professor Lankester's, scholarly in its accuracy rather than capsuled in romance, should prove no deterrent to any healthy-minded child—or even grown person.

Racster—Chats on Violins. By Olga Racster. Lippincott. \$1.25 net.

The eight hundred years of evolution which preceded the fully developed Stradivarius violin has been studied with remarkable care and consistency in this little volume. The author admits the vagueness of her field, and accordingly refrains from formulating rash conclusions. Space hardly permits detailed examination, but what she does present in the way of history and theory she sets forth clearly and in a form well adapted to meet the approval of the casual reader upon such a subject.

Riordon—Plunkitt of Tammany Hall. By William L. Riordon. McClure. \$1.25.

A series of interviews with a "practical politician," published in the *New York Evening Post*, *Sun*, *World*, and the *Boston Transcript*. He discourses upon honest and dishonest graft, the dangers of the dress-suit in politics, municipal ownership, and numerous other subjects valuable to the student of local affairs. The gentleman's portrait taken on a boot-black stand is prefixed to the volume, and the seal of respectability is placed upon the work by a prefatory tribute from the pen of Mr. Charles F. Murphy.

Wellford—The Lynching of Jesus. By E. T. Wellford. The Franklin Co. 50c. net.

The author of this striking little book, a Presbyterian pastor, deals with the legal aspects of the Trial of Christ. He has dropped religious and sentimental methods,

brought forward a clear statement of what the customary Jewish legal procedure should have been in a case of this kind, and then shown wherein the people of Jerusalem departed from the paths of the law. To those interested in the history of Christ the work must prove of unusual interest.

POETRY AND VERSE

Benson—Peace and Other Poems. By Arthur Christopher Benson. Lane. \$1.50.

The Peace which gives title to Mr. Benson's book is not that which has lately fallen with benediction upon the warring world-powers; but is that which the scholar, whose thought is as it were, habited in the guise of *Il Penseroso*, ever seeks in "some still removed place." We pass, with Mr. Benson and the dove-brood of his gentle meditations, even amidst the brownest shades of his scholarly musings.

Cheney—Poems. By John Vance Cheney. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.50.

This latest contribution from the muse of an ever-welcome singer gives everywhere evidence of that tender and gracious perception of the natural world, to which we have been accustomed in Mr. Cheney's previous work. But the poet has other notes to which it is well and timely to hearken; and these are sounded with no doubtful stress in such vigorous exhortation as we find in "Great is To-Day," and in "A Trilogy for This Time"; which latter is a true, brief sermon in the Gospel of Humanity, and one which raises again the pertinent question many are asking at this moment, with regard to civic freedom in its highest ethical significance.

Songs and Lyrics from the Dramatists. Scribner. \$1.25.

One of the latest of the "Pocket Classics," edition that holds many good selections of the verse of the play-writers from Nicholas Udall to Phineas Fletcher.

Tozer—Dante's Divina Commedia Translated into English Prose. By H. F. Tozer. Clarendon Press. \$1.00.

This prose version is primarily intended for readers not acquainted with Italian, but it will also be helpful to students of the original text who have only a limited knowledge of the language. To both classes the concise foot-notes will be very useful. The translation is close but fairly readable.

(For list of Books Received see the third page following.)

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